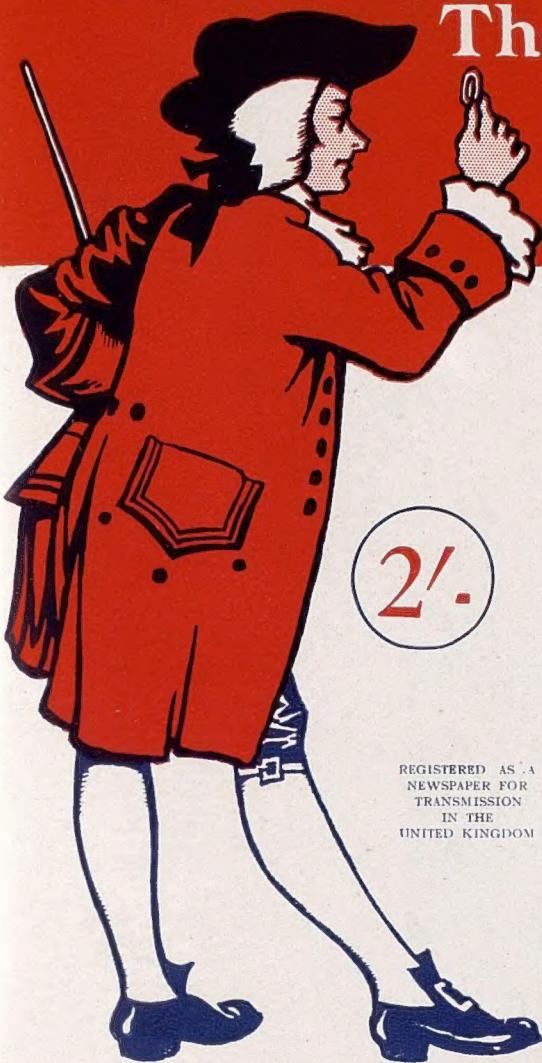


The TATLER

Vol. CXC
No. 2466

and BYSTANDER

London
October 13, 1948



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The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

OCTOBER 13, 1948

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THIS ISSUE

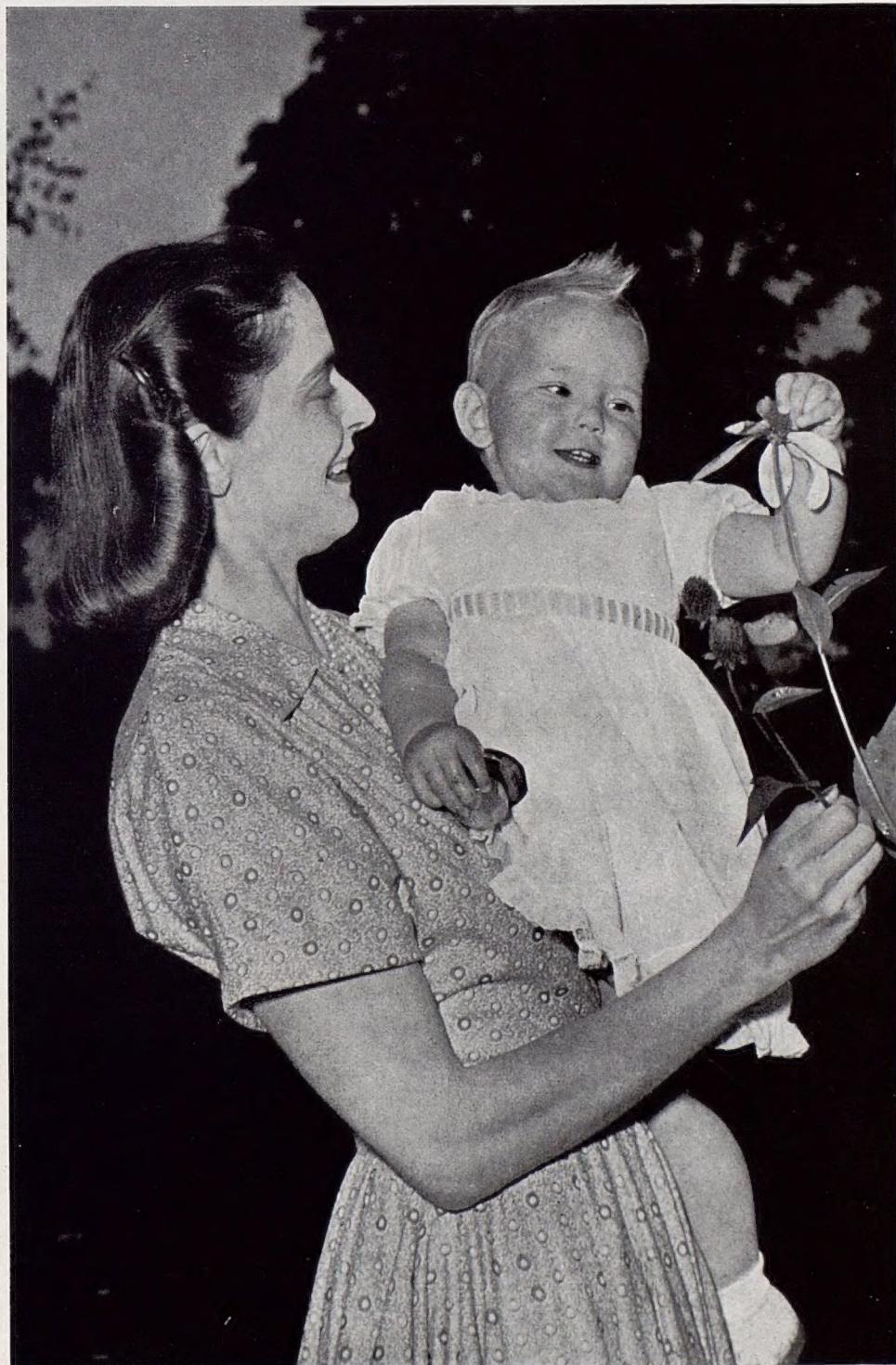
Newmarket Sales. The first Newmarket bloodstock sales of the season saw some very brisk buying and selling although owing to uncertainties in the racing outlook due to world conditions, prices were not exceptionally high. Pictures of those attending will be found on pp. 48-9.

The Royal Visit to Copenhagen by T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, for the British Exhibition, prompted many expressions of cordiality and good wishes between the two countries. One of these, a gala showing of "Hamlet" at a cinema in the Danish capital, is pictured on p. 41.

South African Art. A vigorous school of art has rooted itself in South Africa, and the wider recognition it will receive as a result of the Tate Gallery exhibition is timely and well-merited. Photographs of the private view, when the High Commissioner in London gave a party, are on p. 40.

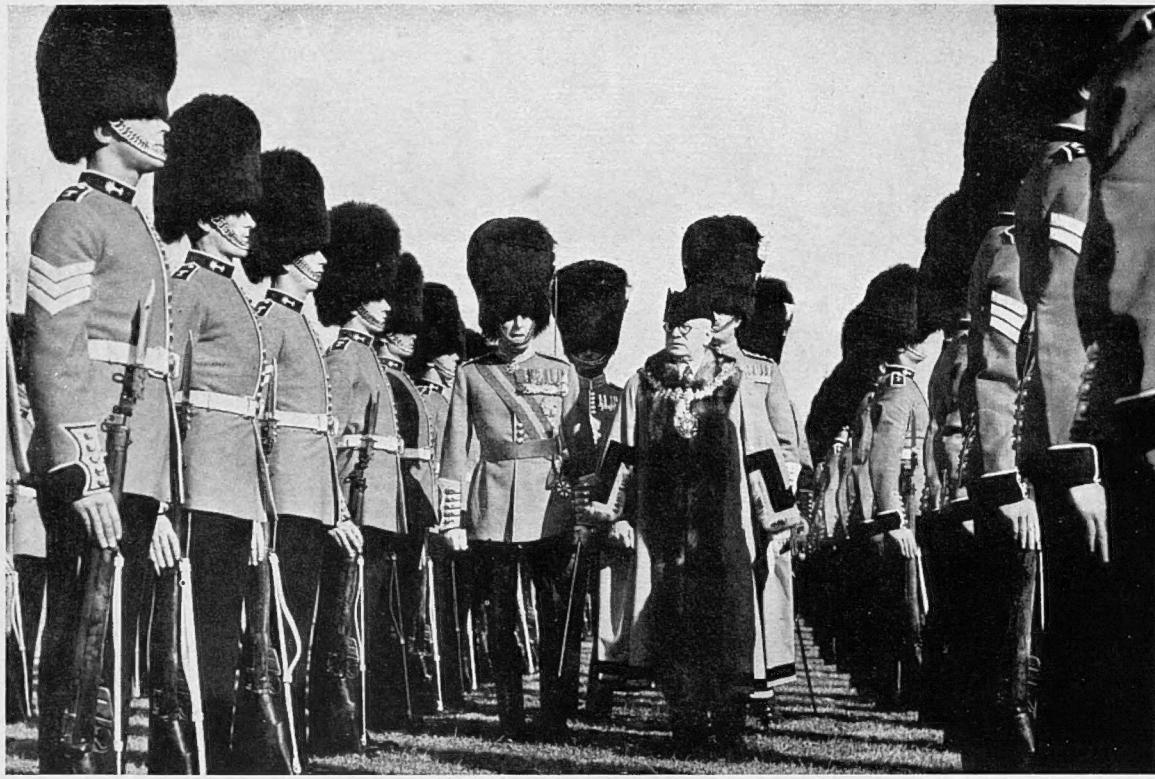
Bomber Command recently held a most successful dance at their headquarters, High Wycombe, attended by many high ranking officers of the Service. Pictures on page 45.

Gundog Trials. Field trials for gundogs were recently held in Hampshire, and proved an unqualified success, and a great attraction to all sportsmen in the neighbourhood. Some extremely clever performances were seen, and the general standard was unusually high. Page 51.



Swaabe

LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN with the Hon. Camilla Scott-Ellis, youngest of her four daughters, in the garden of their home, Wonham Manor, Betchworth, Surrey. Before her marriage in 1934 Lady Howard de Walden was Countess Irene Harrach, of Munich. Lord Howard de Walden, who is the ninth baron, succeeded his father in 1946, and is a Major in the Westminster Dragoons (T.A.). His daughters are co-heiresses to the barony



Brigadier-General the Earl of Gowrie, V.C., with the Mayor of Swansea, Councillor Sir William Jenkins, inspecting the Welsh Guards, of which the Earl is Colonel, at St. Helen's, Swansea. The occasion was the presentation of the Freedom of the Borough to the regiment

Some Portraits in Print

HERE are some London skies—heavy with urban grey—which seem to have been distilled from a thousand Victorian Sunday afternoons. Father is having his nap, rain demurely threatens beyond the lace-curtained window, Aunt Mary is busy at her crochet work (naughty Aunt Mary, on a Sunday!) and Cousin Kathleen is reading what looks suspiciously like a novel by Miss Broughton. Oh! There will be crumpets and muffins for tea, cold supper at seven and the gaslight above the coloured-glass window in the hall will be turned down at nine o'clock.

Under such a sky (and on a Sunday) I went to the Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the centenary exhibition at the Tate Gallery and came away thinking that there is much to be said for the rich colouring and romantic artificiality of the "brotherhood."

Not one of these score of pictures but surely must have been conceived and painted on dull Sunday afternoons in late November. No wonder the Victorians fed greedily on their voluptuous chromatics!

AND think of all the fun that went on behind the screen of the Pre-Raphaelites' religious mysticism. There was the famous "Ophelia" picture by Millais, which normally you may see in the National Gallery. The model for Ophelia's rather bright-eyed corpse floating in the pool was Dante Gabriel Rossetti's girl friend. Naturally, as the "brotherhood" believed in putting on to canvas only what "they saw in nature," the Miss Siddall posed lying in Millais's bathtub. Nicely settled down, the artist would then light an oil stove underneath to keep the water warm. But one day the stove went out and Miss Siddall, poor dear, caught a dreadful chill. Her father kicked up an awful fuss and threat-

ened Millais with a court action. However, she married Rossetti and it all turned out nicely.

I believe it was this picture which gave rise to Millais's alleged retort when asked if he had ever *really* seen green as green as all that: "No, nor have you; but wouldn't you *like* to?"

They were fond of using each other as models, and for the painting of "Lorenzo and Isabella," nearly the whole troupe turned out, even Mr. Millais, the artist's father and his step sister-in-law. This was the picture which Holman Hunt described as, "the most wonderful painting that any youth under the age of twenty ever painted."

It was bought from the Academy by three Bond Street tailors for £150 and a new suit of clothes.

I SUPPOSE Ford Madox Brown's picture, alternatively called "The Emigrants" and "The Last of England," has been reproduced as widely as any of these canvases.

Yet it was not until this Sunday afternoon that I came on a mystery beside which Picasso's naked leg piercing two nightmare eyes is as naught: *what is the significance of that row of cabbages hanging from the rail of the cross-Channel packet under the two principal characters?*

Was it that they were taking the cabbages to show the natives of their new homeland the Englishman's favourite food? Or is there some Freudian meaning to the vegetables? Had the lady emigrant perhaps a "cabbage complex" which her psychiatrist was trying to exorcize?

I don't suppose we will ever know now.

Just the same, it is the proper way to examine the works of the Messieurs Millais, Holman Hunt, Rossetti and Stevens. There was quite a lot of neck-twisting around Holman Hunt's

problem picture, "The Awakened Conscience." It is easy to see the piece of music being played by the young man to the liverish lady in the long flannelette nightgown—could a man really have a mistress who wore a garment like that? The piece is Moore's "Oft In The Stilly Night." And the neck-twisting was to see whether the piece dropped on the floor gave any clue to the story of the goings-on in the picture. No, it did not.

Perhaps it is only self-revealing to say that I went round these score of pictures twice, slowly, and no Victorian visitor could have enjoyed them more than I did that afternoon.

HERE is at least one exhibit in quite another sort of exhibition in London this month which should have delighted the Pre-Raphaelites. This is a fourteenth-century miniature—a leaf from a missal—lent by H.M. the King to the fine collection of French books on view in the National Book League headquarters in Albemarle Street.

The detail of this Crucifixion scene is remarkable. In the foreground a soldier is dicing with two civilians, presumably for the Saviour's garments. He has just thrown two fours and a five, with rather a smug look on his face. The little group is reminiscent of others of more recent date in the history of military "shootin' craps."

Hours could be spent in these two crowded rooms.

Many of the most valuable exhibits have come from Paris, which can sometimes do strange things to its treasures. One of the only two first editions of Rabelais' *Gargantua* is boldly stamped in red on its title page: "Bibliothèque Royale" with its number filled in by a clerky hand.

There are some pages of the MSS. of

Edmond de Goncourt's *Journal*, one dated July, 1891, starting with the familiar words, "I am sad this evening. . ." He died five years later.

I wish some contemporary writer had turned up, since Arnold Bennett, to keep a diary—as Bennett did—in the de Goncourt manner. Bennett's journals were as good as anything he ever wrote, which applies to those of de Goncourt, I fancy.

Close to the de Goncourt pages is a photograph of Baudelaire taken in 1850, when he must have been at work on *Fleurs du Mal*.

He has the appearance of having spent a night sleeping among the rubbish bins in an alley, and is nursing an obvious hangover.

VERDI's *Aida* at Covent Garden completed the week's Victorian cycle.

It was nice to see so many men in at least dinner jackets in the stalls and so many women dressed as for the first performance of the opera at the Garden in 1876. If all that I heard was to be believed, some of these dresses were authentically of the 'seventies, family possessions which had done good service through the decades as fancy dress.

There were also to be noted a number of those thin cat-like strips of fur which normally we associate with the George Belcher charlady and which Miss Nellie Wallace is accustomed to swing around her neck with an extravagant gesture. Such period pieces, I learn, are now very smart; which is surely excellent news for men, if not for furriers.

Three rows behind me sat that sprightly octogenarian, Mr. Ernest Newman, who with both looks and writing defies the advancing years. At present he is conducting an inquiry in *The Sunday Times* into operatic décors. He has a coy way of ending an instalment with a sort of "trailer" at the exciting moment—"... but that we will discuss at further length next week."

The new *Aida* production might have taken a few lessons from *Pilgrim's Progress*, as done on the same stage in the summer, for its simplicity and deployment of crowds.

For some reason difficult to determine, the Triumphal Scene—possibly the most crowded in the whole range of grand opera—burdened itself with some dull and claustrophobic scenery, so that the full weight of the cast looked, from the stalls, like nothing more than a rush hour at the Radames Station in Cairo just as the 5.41 p.m. was leaving for Luxor.

A pity. The singing and choral work were magnificent.

PERHAPS the party which sat just one row behind me would have been more enthusiastic if one member had been entirely satisfied. It appeared that at her last hearing of *Aida*, live elephants had made their appearance on the stage in the big scene, which, of course, made it a "jolly good show." Where this took place I could not hear. Possibly Vienna, where they used to have open air performances of the opera.

The week's Victorian cycle might have terminated on an apt note if only the great Miss Gracie Fields had obliged, on the night I heard her at the Palladium, with that charming tribute to a humble member of the lily family—"The Greatest Aspidistra in the World." An incomparable artist, but I still prefer her robust tripe-and-onions manner to the popularly sentimental.

(If Mr. Benjamin Britten is going to tinker around with our simple, innocent little English songs, which have never done anyone any harm, why does he not adventure into the field of the music hall? "Ain't it Grand (Opera) to be Bloomin' Well Dead," for example?)

Gordon Beckles

Fraternal Ode to Autumn

Hail, Autumn! Welcome! Not for the standard reasons—
Foggy fecundity or fading flowers—
But because you, alone among the seasons,
Possess a character akin to ours.
Winter is dour, and Summer rash, Spring
skittish,
But you, I think, are demonstrably British.

Patriot span, whose skies are not Sicilian,
Not Polar, rather brumously our own;
Whose flora, neither verdant nor vermillion
But loyally indigenous in tone,
Reflects the Saxon gold, the Celtic sandy—
Alternatively, half-and-half, or shandy—;

Whose raiment also, not like Winter's needy,
Nor gaudy like the Summer's, slight like
Spring's,
Is loose, well worn and generally tweedy—
Which is the way we like to have our things—
Neither too new and clean nor old and dirty,
Not dowdy, not too smart—just coat-and-
skirty;

Yours is no alien clime, Arctic or Tropic,
Sharply extreme, dogmatically fixed
But, (doubtless in aid of our habitual topic)
You're meteorologically mixed;
Set between prodigality and bleakness
You compromise—and that's our own pet
weakness.

And tolerant—not doctrinaire and certain,
Where Summer forces and the Winter kills:
Neither an iron fist nor iron curtain,
You leave things largely to their own sweet
wills;
Conforming, roughly with our island story—
Something between the Socialist and Tory.

Like us, you're neither brash and adolescent
Nor yet effete and impotently old;
And not excitable and effervescent
As Spring is, nor, as Winter, wholly cold;
Mature, reserved, experienced, unemphatic—
What lesser breeds are pleased to call
phlegmatic.

Advance then, season, leaving to the Dago,
The bounding Alpine and the boreal Finn
Respectively the summer's loud farrago,
The giggling Spring, Winter's depressive din!
Alone among your sisters softly spoken,
In English neither Hollywood nor broken,

Autumn, we understand you. Quite
Britannic
In outward showing as in inner heart
Eschewing the exotic, the tyrannic
Urbane and temperate—at least in part—
You show our virtues and ignore our failings.
Welcome! We greet you! Loud fraternal
hailings!

—Justin Richardson



HOME AGAIN Mr. Winston Churchill arriving at Biggin Hill Aerodrome, Kent, after his holiday in France. He was greeted with the news that *The Gathering Storm*, the first volume of his war reminiscences, was likely to break all publishing records

*Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt*

At the Theatre

"Twelfth Night"
(New)

THERE had been some surprise beforehand that the Old Vic should choose to re-open its season with a comedy that has a regular place among the routine revivals of the year. A menacing roll of thunder which might fitly have opened a Greek tragedy, and the rising of the curtain, not on the fanciful Orsino lightly apostrophizing the spirit of love-in-idleness, but on a sinister figure prowling in the darkness round the recumbent forms of Viola and the shipwrecked sailors, suggested that there would be room during the performance for further surprise.

There was. *Twelfth Night*, the most familiar of the comedies? Not as the Old Vic presents it. For Mr. Alec Guinness is more to Shakespeare than a mere producer: he is a co-author, and his attention caught by one of the minor characters, he has adroitly developed in him dramatic possibilities overlooked in the first draft and thereby changed the whole tone and atmosphere of the old comedy.

FESTE, he has decided, is the key to everything. F "Now, who was Feste?" Shakespeare may be imagined murmuring to himself in the Elysian Fields, "Ah yes, one of my clowns," and without troubling to identify the fellow he might go on to reflect that through Feste and the others



Robert Eddison as the clown, Feste, in whom Alec Guinness, the producer, finds unexpected depths of emotion

which we have all felt about *Twelfth Night*. It is not one of the golden comedies sprung from a mind enchanted by the beauty and the fun and the romance of life. Through it runs a vein of silvery melancholy, tiny but persistent and hinting at a distrust of life. Feste is always on or about this vein, and certainly he could take his place appropriately enough in many passages of the bitter comedy to which Shakespeare was about to turn.

One can understand why the attempt was made to reproduce this quality of the play on the stage. Unfortunately for the producer, the thing he seeks is only, after all, an undertone in a play which makes all its other intentions crystal clear. Passions in Illyria are kindled and fade at a breath. The

he had added a dignity to the stage treatment of fools, causing them to speak many a true word in jest.

How, I wonder, would he receive Mr. Guinness's discovery that Feste, hollow-eyed and bitter, was ravaged by a hopeless passion for Olivia and that he tragically upheld in this comedy of affectations the eternal rights of true love? Tolerantly, I have no doubt, even though he continued to cling to his original notion that the heroine—and the only representative of unrequited love—was Viola.

WE, too, can afford to be tolerant. Mr. Guinness is giving brilliant though over-violent expression to something

which we have all felt about *Twelfth Night*. It is not one of the golden comedies sprung from a mind enchanted by the beauty and the fun and the romance of life. Through it runs a vein of silvery melancholy, tiny but persistent and hinting at a distrust of life. Feste is always on or about this vein, and certainly he could take his place appropriately enough in many passages of the bitter comedy to which Shakespeare was about to turn.

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presence of a Hamlet searing the air with mordant irony is more than affectations exquisitely woven of gossamer can be expected to meet unharmed. The attempt could only end in travesty.

IT will be allowed, however, that Mr. Robert Eddison makes a memorable stage figure of a Hamlet whose tragedy must be read between the lines. He can do nothing about it, but there is never a moment when he seems free from the desire to make all and sundry, saving only Olivia, feel the weight of his uncommunicable woe. It seems inconsiderate of Shakespeare to have given to Malvolio and not to Feste that final threat which has a momentary terror in it: "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you."

All the other players loyally subordinate themselves to Mr. Eddison, but in doing so Mr. Mark Dignam, though very properly husbanding the remnants of Malvolio's dignity so that the part keeps some inherent seriousness, somehow misses what is intended to be funny in the character. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, on the other hand, suits himself perfectly to the low pitch of the playing. His Sir Toby is an endearing old fribble, beyond question "consanguineous" to the noble lady of the house, made both amused and amusing by drink but never bemused, or never so bemused that he cannot relish his own and others' drolleries and cock a neat snook at any trick of folly which he deems unconscious of itself.

MISS JANE BAXTER is miscast as Viola, and the Olivia of Miss Faith Brook is a thing of "good moments" only. The weaknesses here are in effect worse than any which come directly from the producer's determination to read into the play something which the author would assuredly have made quite plain if he had wanted to put it in at all.



The Words and Scenes are the same as other productions of "Twelfth Night," but this latest interpretation is vastly different. Here Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Peter Copley) and Sir Toby Belch (Cedric Hardwicke) poke fun at an unusually sober Malvolio (Mark Dignam), while Orsino, Duke of Illyria (Harry Andrews) listens not unmoved to pleadings by Viola (Jane Baxter) on behalf of Olivia (Faith Brook)

The Old Vic Opens its Season with a "Twelfth Night" on Original Lines



Sir Robert and Lady Barlow arriving. Lady Barlow is Margaret Rawlings, the actress

First Nighters Who Saw "Medea" at the Globe



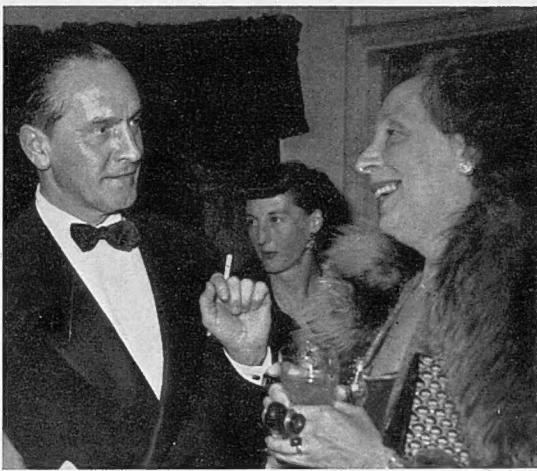
Maureen O'Hara, the Irish-American film star, talking to Peter Fleming, the writer and traveller



Jean Simmons the film actress, Eric Ambler the novelist, Alec Guinness, Fredric March and Mrs. Eric Ambler



Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Holland were also in the audience which enjoyed Euripides' masterpiece



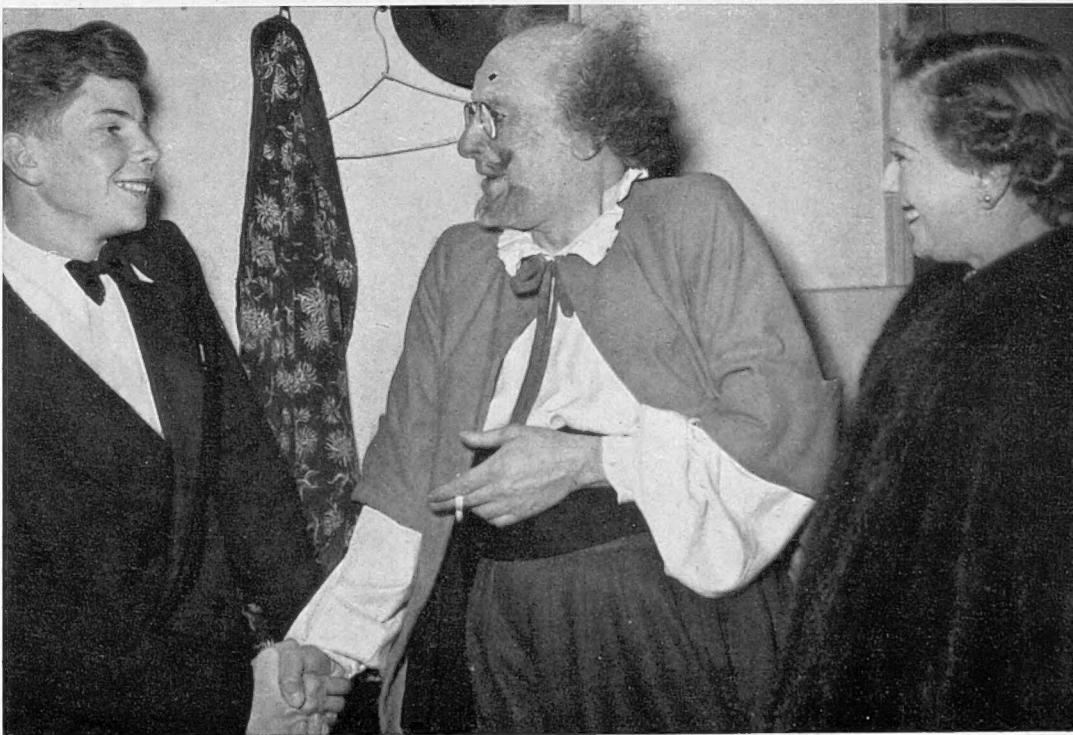
Fredric March who is over here making films, talking to Dame Edith Evans. In the background is Mrs. John Burrell, wife of the Old Vic's chairman



Faith Brook, the Olivia of the production, is congratulated by her mother, Mrs. Clive Brook, after the performance



Mr. Anthony Buckley with Miss Elizabeth Ashley. Acting honours in the play are divided between Eileen Herlie and Cathleen Nesbit



Sir Cedric Hardwicke, playing Sir Toby Belch, receives congratulations from his son Edward, who is at Stowe, while Lady Hardwicke looks on



Miss McCalmont and Miss Patricia Wormald were also among the younger element introduced to the beauties of Greek drama

Tasker, Press Illustrations

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Secrets of Success

A PICTURE as immaculate as *The Fallen Idol* (Empire) starts a dozen trains of thought. Which of its many virtues should be grasped as containing the magic formula for future British pictures? Graham Greene's authorship, Carol Reed's direction? The acting of a model grown-up cast, Ralph Richardson, or the astonishing performance of one small boy (Bobby Henrey)?

My belief is that the two factors of most significance, not only to this picture but possibly to British films as a whole, are the partnership between Mr. Reed and Mr. Greene, and the film's source in a short story (Mr. Greene's *The Basement Room*).

If our films must all be second-hand—and it seems an age since any of our studios had the courage to screen a good original story—they had far better be based on short stories than on plays or novels.

We have had enough of the safety-first attempts to cash in on successful plays which have to be taken to bits and laid out as it were on the screen; and of monster best-sellers from which a skeleton of plot must be extracted more or less painfully.

A short story is apt to be much more promising material for direct translation into the cinema with its almost infinite capacity for intimacy and detail.

Perhaps a poem might be still better. Eisenstein in *The Film Sense* translates a verse of Pushkin into film script shot by shot, and a Hollywood company is even now making a picture based on a narrative poem about a prize-fighter.

Poetry remains to be seen. But one of the most perfect pictures of recent years was the French *Partie de Campagne*, from a de Maupassant short story. In English Graham Greene admirably illustrates the advantages of the short story over the novel from the film point of view.

Not that Greene is a better short-storywriter than novelist, but he is one of our first great writers whose writing is in the idiom of the cinema, visualized in close-up. So a Graham Greene novel contains the material for a dozen films or more. His short stories can be more comfortably and more faithfully accommodated to the screen.

I DO not propose to quibble about the differences between *The Basement Room* and *The Fallen Idol*. Partly because the film is too good. Partly because Mr. Greene is so adept at altering the detail of his work while preserving its substance.

Baines (Ralph Richardson) and Mrs. Baines (Sonia Dresdel) have gone up in the world to be butler and housekeeper of a foreign Embassy in London; Phil has become Felipe (Bobby Henrey) the Ambassador's eight-year-old son left in their care, adoring Baines, hating Mrs. Baines, and loving McGregor his pet grass-snake whom Mrs. Baines hates. But the substance of the film remains the same as of the story: childhood terrors.

the loss of a little boy's innocence and faith in his hero under the awful pressure of grown-up emotional drama intruding into his world and involving him.

At the end of *Brighton Rock*, after the dreadful saccharine of the film's trick ending, anybody was quite free to go further and realize that the poor girl would one day play the record past the groove in which the needle stuck, and hear what Pinkie really did say. At the end of *The Fallen Idol* you may, if you like, believe with the synopsis that "Felipe's doubts and worries are forgotten in the joy of having his father and mother home again." But I saw no joy on the prematurely wise face of Master Henrey looking through the banisters at the parents arriving below. I only knew he was never again going to trust any grown-up since his harsh experience of the lying world.

All this is in the short story. But to Carol Reed as producer and director must go the credit for the art and skill, including Perinal's perfect photography, with which it has been brought to the screen. *The Fallen Idol* is Mr. Reed's first film since *Odd Man Out* and as different as possible in style and mood.

M R. REED is a director above tricks who makes it his business with immense delicacy and devotion to reveal his characters and story, eliminating all irrelevant interpositions. The gentleness, quite without sentimentality, of his respect for the child-hero is marvellous, like his perceptive pity for Baines and Julie (Michèle Morgan), the Embassy typist he loves, and even for the witch-like Mrs. Baines. Without artificial alarms or diversions, he builds up the situation—the child's world threatened by the invasion of grown-up emotional incompetence—with such assurance that towards the end he can afford the introduction of those semi-comic characters who heighten the natural tensions. Rose (a lovely bit of work by Dora Bryan), the streetwalker at the police station (she was a policewoman in the original story!) or the police interpreter, idiotically determined to use his flatfooted French on bilingual diplomats.

Mr. Reed is superlatively well served by his players. Young Bobby Henrey shakes all accepted theories of unconscious child acting. Ralph Richardson gives the immaculate, selfless performance we expect of him. Michèle Morgan makes his young woman touching as well as beautiful. Only Sonia Dresdel seems not just right as Mrs. Baines, but is more disciplined than I have hitherto seen her on the screen.

The answer to my own question is old and obvious: there can be no sure formula for making films of this quality except the combination of integrity, imagination and skill from which art is made. Mr. Greene and Mr. Reed have worked like one artist to give *The Fallen Idol* its own life. It is good to know that they are already at work on another film—this time from an original



"... a little boy's innocence"



"... not to laugh in the wrong places"

story. For if this promising partnership between our foremost contemporary novelist and probably our foremost film director were to be continued, it would be an exciting development for the cinema.

G EORGE MOORE is just the kind of wordy writer least suited to the cinema, and why anybody should have wanted to film *Esther Waters* is hard to understand. As it is done, I am bound to say I found it tolerably well done. It would be difficult not to be bored before the end of this long dismal saga of a chapel-bred kitchen-maid's (Kathleen Ryan) betrayal by the stable-boy (Dirk Bogarde). I can only record that for at least half its length I found *Esther Waters* less boring and more believable than *Oliver Twist*.

This possibly perverse reaction I attribute partly to the quite charming picture of life below stairs among the huge staff of a mid-Victorian stately home; partly to some pleasant outdoor scenes on the Sussex Downs at the beginning and two riotous Derby Days at the end; and partly to a number of minor character performances of a standard quite exceptional in British films. They range from Fay Compton as the lady of the manor, and Cyril Cusack as the chapel preacher who wants to make an honest woman of Esther, to the actress who plays with hideous nonchalance the madam of the dreadful baby disposal unit.

N OVELTY in cartoons is desperately needed. But the new Animaland series, produced by David Hand, made in Britain and sponsored by Mr. Rank, seems—to judge by the two I have seen (one is in the programme with *Esther Waters*)—as vulgar and banal as any latter-day Disney. The Musical Paint-box series is much more original. If he will eschew the picture postcard element, dispense with the sickly choirs and stick to such fairy tales as that of Old Megan, her cow and the Devil, Mr. Hand may have something there.

Shame was my principal reaction to *Noose*; shame, among other things, that when an actor of Joseph Calleia's eminence is playing on the London stage this should be the best British films could offer him. For the first ten minutes I thought it was going to be a burlesque of the lower form of spiv film. Thereafter it was not even funny.

A revival of D. W. Griffith's historic masterpiece, *The Birth of a Nation* (Everyman, Hampstead) is a wonderful opportunity for anybody interested in the cinema as more than a shelter or waiting-room to see this thirty-three year old silent which laid the foundation for the story-film as we know it. The management by way of preface, appeal to the audience not to laugh in the wrong places. There is really no need. The impression left on me, far from being how comically antediluvian Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh look, is how passionately exciting the old classic still is after thirty-three years; how little films have progressed except in spit and polish; and how seldom they have as much to say. The New London Film Society will be giving a further chance for judgment in its two programmes later this season to commemorate Griffith's work.

GEORGE BRAUND

The art of the wizard is as old as Merlin, even if the modern exponents go to Charterhouse rather than to Endor for their upbringing. George Braund, a senior modern prophet of the cult, will be remembered with admiration and affection by many thousands of officers and men for his war service. He toured twenty-three countries in the battle areas and endeared himself to innumerable lonely outposts with his one-man exhibition of wit and mystery. As a private practitioner he has appeared (as is customary with magicians) before many distinguished audiences, including those at Windsor and the Royal Diwan in Baghdad, and has recently been entertaining at the Lansdowne and the Bagatelle





H.E. Mr. Leif Egeland, High Commissioner of South Africa, and his wife, who gave the party, looking at "The Baobab," by J. H. Pierneef. The Exhibition has been arranged by the South African Association of Arts, with Union Government assistance

SOUTH AFRICAN ART AT MILLBANK

The High Commissioner Gives an Evening Party
at the Tate Gallery



Mr. A. M. Escher with Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Robert Stone. Gen. Stone was G.O.C. British troops in Egypt during the war



Sir Angus Gillan, Controller of an Overseas Division of the British Council, with Lady Gillan



Lady Balcon, who comes from Johannesburg, with Mr. Ronald Gervers and Miss Dorothy Black



Mrs. Bairnsfather Cloete discusses the exhibits of the fifty artists with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stanley



The Hon. Sir Jasper Ridley, chairman of the Tate Trustees and a director of the Standard Bank of South Africa



Brig. and Mrs. Rodney Moore, two more of the guests who were at the private view party

Mrs. H. T. Newman and Major-Gen. H. T. Newman, a former A.D.C. to the King, now commanding Royal Marines, Portsmouth, with Lady Edelsten and Vice-Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Lord High Admiral



G/Capt. W. R. Sadler, British Air Attaché, Mrs. Sadler and Air Cdre. Feilden, Captain of the King's Flight



Sir Guy Locock, the industrialist, who holds the Order of the Dannebrog, with Lady Locock



Countess Molke arriving with Sir Frederick Bain, who is Deputy Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries and last year's president of the F.B.I.



The Duchess of Gloucester arriving at the Dagma Cinema, Copenhagen, with Queen Ingrid for the performance, which was held in connection with the British Exhibition

THE ROYAL VISIT TO DENMARK

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester See a Gala Performance of "Hamlet"



The British Ambassador, H.E. Mr. A. W. G. Randall, and Mrs. Harvey. The King of Denmark also attended the performance



H.E. Mrs. Alec Randall, wife of the British Ambassador, and her two daughters chatting in the foyer



Sir Norman Kipping, Director-General of the Federation of British Industries, with Lady Kipping



Comtesse Jean-Louis du Temple de Rougement, wife of the French Military Attaché in London, photographed with her children, Guy, Cecile, François, Laure and Anne, in the garden of the Hertfordshire house in which they spent part of the summer. The Comte and Comtesse are now paying a visit to the U.S.

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: During the last week of Their Majesties' stay at Balmoral both the King and the Duke of Edinburgh were several times able to spend the whole day stalking. The Duke, who has greatly improved as a shot, both with gun and rifle, bagged three stags in one day, but he has yet to achieve the ambition of true deer-stalkers by bringing down a "royal."

Besides her normal calendar of engagements, the Queen, between now and Christmas, has a great deal to attend to in connection with next year's Royal tour of New Zealand and Australia. Several appointments with dressmakers and hat-makers have already been arranged, and the Queen is also to devote some attention to the selection of appropriate clothes for Princess Margaret, who in the absence of Princess Elizabeth will have a much more important part to play as the representative of youth on this tour than she did in South Africa.

ANOTHER important matter still awaiting final decision by the Queen is the choice of ladies to accompany her as her Staff-in-Waiting, together with one younger woman to be Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Margaret. The name of Lady Pamela Mountbatten has been several times mentioned for this last appointment. She flew back with her father and mother from the South of France a few weeks ago and has since spent most of her time with them at Broadlands, where Lord and Lady

Mountbatten have been busy with preparations for their own forthcoming stay in Malta, where the Earl is due to hoist his flag as Admiral Commanding the First Cruiser Squadron at the end of this month.

Senior member of the Queen's staff for the tour will be Major "Tom" Harvey, whose unruffled charm is likely to win him as much admiration in New Zealand and Australia as it did two years ago in South Africa. A scratch golfer, Major Harvey is taking his clubs with him, in the hope of finding time to try the courses "down under" in the scant off-duty periods of the Royal timetable.

It is definite now, I hear, that Major "Mike" Adeane, grandson of the late Lord Stamfordham, and Assistant Private Secretary to His Majesty, will go out as Chief of Staff. Sir Alan Lascelles, the King's Private Secretary, will remain in London, both to act in an advisory capacity to Princess Elizabeth as far as her new duties as Counsellor of State are concerned, and as a link between the King and his Home Government in case of emergency developments. Major Adeane is another "veteran" of the South African tour (he is thirty-eight). He will have Major Edward Ford, who, like himself, is an Assistant Private Secretary to the King, with him as second-in-command. Major Ford, who served with the Grenadier Guards at Dunkirk, in North Africa and Italy, was at one time tutor to King Farouk of Egypt.

THE Austrian Minister recently held an evening reception at the Dorchester in honour of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. His Excellency, who is a delightful host, received the guests in the Holford room, and soon everyone was sitting in the large ballroom enthralled listening to a delightful hour of music played by the Vienna Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra under the direction of M. Barylli. They recalled all the gaiety and grace, the light-hearted merriment and joy of life which characterised Vienna in her golden past when they played Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and Joseph Lanner's *Hofballtaenze* with exquisite delicacy and verve. Lanner was contemporary with Johann Strauss and conducted dance music, including many of his own compositions, in the large and small Redoutensaal, and also at the court balls alternatively with Strauss.

THE Brazilian Ambassador, who told me Mme. Aragao was laid up with a slight cold, was sitting in the front row with H.R.H. Princess Zaid el Hussein. The Iraqi Ambassador was sitting just behind with his sister. The Chinese Ambassador came with Mme. Cheng and their daughter. The Belgian Ambassador I saw later in earnest conversation with Sir John Monck. Dr. Alfred Escher, the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, was sitting with M. Willie von Neurath, who was leaving next morning for South America, and Mme. von Neurath. Mr. John Christie was sitting with Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, and they were later joined by Viscountess Elibank.

Sir Harry Brittain, full of anecdotes of his days in Vienna, was chatting to Sir Walford Selby, who was our Minister there from 1933 to 1937. I chatted to two members of this wonderful orchestra, M. Erich Weiss and M. Renet Streng, who both said how much they were looking forward to playing in Edinburgh again.

THE Army Art Society are now holding their seventeenth annual exhibition in the Imperial Gallery of Art, at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. The exhibition, which was scheduled to be opened yesterday, the 12th, by Viscount Montgomery, includes works not only from all ranks of the Army, but also from all ranks of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and the Royal Air Force and other armed forces of the Empire. Among the exhibits this year are three pictures by W/Cdr. Gerald Oakley-Beutler, whose drawings of naval escapades will be remembered by many readers of this journal.

WHEN the infant daughter of the Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson was christened Nadine Marisa by Canon Adam Fox at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, she had six god-parents. They were the Countess Beauchamp, Lady Wynford, Mrs. J. MacArthur Rank, Lord Kilmaine, Mr. Allan Miller and Mr. Reagan Houston 3rd. The baby wore an exquisite christening robe, made very long and full, of cream satin covered in point d'Angleterre, with a little waistcoat, bonnet, and even a tiny handkerchief to match. This robe is interesting, as it has been in the Phipps family (the Hon. Graham Lampson's mother, Lord Killearn's first wife, who died in 1930, was a daughter of the late William Wilton Phipps) for 200 years, and has been used during that time for all the family christenings on both sides of the Atlantic, even during the war, when the robe came across the Atlantic four times. In the United States the family have a silver shield on which are inscribed the names of all the babies christened in the robe, and a new engraving will now have to be made for Nadine Marisa.

After the ceremony the baby's grandparents, Vice-Admiral Cecil and Mrs. Pilcher, gave a very gay and happy christening party in their delightful Wilton Place house. There was a large pink-and-white iced christening cake in the drawing-room on the first floor, where many friends and relations gathered to drink the baby's health and chat to the young father and mother, the latter looking very attractive in a long stone-coloured coat trimmed with fur and a velour beret trimmed with a feather to match.

THERE were actually two parties simultaneously, as downstairs more than a dozen children who had come to the christening with their parents sat down to a wonderful tea-party; these included the baby's step-uncle and aunts, the Hon. Victor Lampson and the Hons. Jacquette and Roxana Lampson, who are Lord Killearn's children by his second marriage;

also Lady Maclean's curly-haired little granddaughter Elizabeth Westmacott, with Mark Henniker, Charlotte and Josephine Holmes, who are soon off with their parents, Capt. and Mrs. John Holmes, to Washington, where Capt. Holmes is Naval Attaché; and attractive little Pam Miller, daughter of Mr. Allan Miller, who was one of the god-fathers. She was shortly leaving England with her parents for Nassau. Lord Killearn was not able to be present at his little grand-daughter's christening as he had to go to Hong Kong on a business mission. Mrs. Lampson told me they had had a cable to say he had arrived safely after five days flying day and night.

As guests left this christening party they were all presented with delicious pink-and-white dragées tied in white tulle handkerchiefs. This unusual and charming idea is a Greek custom, where blue-and-white dragées are presented after a boy has been christened, and pink-and-white for a girl. Mrs. Pilcher, who is a Greek by birth, bought the dragées for her granddaughter's christening during a recent visit to Greece.

FROM Scotland I hear news of the gaieties still going on up there, although the Scottish season is drawing to an end. There have been many Highland gatherings, race weeks and balls. Tiaras and diamond necklaces came out of the banks (where nowadays they spend most of the year away from burglars) to be worn in profusion at the Perth and Angus Balls.

The Perth Ball was once again a really magnificent spectacle as the women guests in lovely dresses and the men in picturesque Highland costume mounted the wide flower-decked stairway into the ballroom. The Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the latter in white satin, brought a party. The Countess Cadogan, wearing her magnificent diamond tiara with a black dress, came over from Snaigow, and Lady Fox, also in black, wore her superb diamond necklace. The Marchioness of Lansdowne also chose a black dress, and Lady Munro, accompanied by Sir Torquil, wore aquamarine-moire and a diamond tiara and necklace. Mrs. Crichton-Stuart wore her exquisite emerald and diamond necklace on a

pale-coloured dress. Mrs. MacGregor, of Cardney, brought a party, including her daughter, Mrs. Sladen, in midnight-blue velvet with a diamond tiara. Miss Angela Stormonth Darling looked pretty in a full-skirted ruby faille dress, and her tall brother Robin was dancing with Lady Elizabeth Motion's attractive youngest daughter, Joan, who was staying with them for the week.

A FEW nights later, at the Angus Ball, the Earl and Countess of Airlie, the latter wearing her wonderful pearls with a dress of pale-pink satin, brought a family party, including their daughters, Lady Grizel Ogilvy, and her fiancé, Capt. Peter Balfour, Lady Margaret Tenant and her husband Mr. Iain Tenant, and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy. Also at this ball were the Earl of Southesk, his brother the Hon. Duthac Carnegie and Mrs. Carnegie, Miss Jean Scott, Mr. Iain Hilleary, Sir David Moncrieff with his sister Elizabeth, and the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay-Carnegie, who brought a young party.

Perth races were very popular, and racing was excellent, with many close finishes. The Countess of Airlie attended each day, and so did the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, Lady Cayzer and her son, Sir James Cayzer, Sir Torquil and Lady Munro with their two children, Lord Kinnaird, Col. and Mrs. Carnegie of Lour, Col. and Mrs. Ramsay of Farleyer, Lord and Lady Forteviot, and Mr. Jimmy and Lady Margaret Drummond Hay, who gave a very enjoyable cocktail party at Seggieden for their daughter Jane during the

week. Also racing were the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter with her brother, Mr. Patsy Stormonth Darling, who brought a young party each day, Major and Mrs. James Drummond-Moray of Abercraigney, Mrs. Gerald Saunderson of Kelty Castle, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hume.

THE première of Pilgrim Pictures' first film under the banner of Filippo Del Guidice, *The Guinea Pig*, is to be given at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, on October 21st in aid of the Actors' Orphanage.



Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. C. J. Maddocks with their infant daughter, Anne Susan, after her christening in Llandaff Cathedral, Glamorgan. With them is their elder daughter, Cynthia



The Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson after the christening at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of their daughter, Nadine Marisa. Jennifer describes above the ceremony, and reception at Wilton Place



Sir Peter Greenwell, Bt., and Lady Greenwell with their infant son, Edward Bernard Greenwell, after his christening at Butley Church, Suffolk. Sitting with them is their daughter Julia



Capt. A. Love, seen with his wife and son Richard, was a competitor in the 64 A.A. Bde. R.A. (T.A.) Brigade Sports.

Mrs. Menzies, Brig. C. A. H. Fairbank and Lt.-Col. Menzies, commanding officer of 497 Regt. A.A. (T.A.)

Territorial Sports at Chelsea

Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Roberts, Commanding Officer, and General Sir Henry ap Rhys Price, Hon. Colonel, of the London Welsh A.A.



Major and Mrs. P. D. M. Sions. Major Sions was both a regimental and staff officer during the war.



"Take the strain"—a regimental team competing in the tug-of-war. Brig. B. Chichester Cooke was in charge of the sports, which were held at the Duke of York's Headquarters



Capt. C. Ford with Miss Dilys Ingold and his daughter, Miss Maureen Ford. After the sports, a very successful day ended with a dance.



Mr. Cyril H. Dickinson, of Dublin, the Countess de Sarigny, a visitor from France, Major A. P. Robertson and Capt. A. E. D. Chambers



Miss Diana Gray, Mr. Barry Lumley, Mrs. Lumley, Mr. Douglas Parry, Mrs. Parry and Air Cdre. E. A. Lumley, who is P.M.O. of Bomber Command



Miss T. Woolf, Major R. Hawkins, Flt/Off. F. M. Littlehale, Lt. K. H. Jeffery, Sqd/Off. W. Barrett, Flt/Off. H. Hills, S/Ldr. D. Barrett and W/Cdr. and Mrs. Fleming



Air Marshal Sir William Elliot, A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, dancing with Mrs. Leon Johnson



General Leon Johnson, commanding 3rd Air Division, U.S.A.A.F., with Mrs. Staton, wife of Air Cdre. Staton, Commandant of Central Bomber Establishment



F/Lt. A. Hartley dancing with Miss B. Romer. The dance was organised by the Officers' Mess



S/Ldr. G. K. Birch and the Misses Valerie and Diana Airey, daughters of the President of the Messing Committee



Mrs. Baker, G/Capt. Stowell, Councillor Baker (Mayor of High Wycombe) and Mrs. Stowell

Bomber Command Hold a Dance at High Wycombe



Air Marshal A. B. Ellwood, Chief of Bomber Command, Lady Walmsley, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Walmsley, Deputy Chief of Air Staff, and Air Cdre. Staton



At another table were Mrs. Jasper Coates, Mrs. James Airey, G/Capt. James Airey, Mrs. I. Davenport Jones and the Misses Valerie and Diana Airey

Self-Profile

Helen Hayes

by

Helen Hayes —

How does one get started on the stage? I got into the theatre on account of a turned-in toe, so I don't know whether I am really qualified to give constructive advice; but to judge from my mail-bag here and in the States, it is a burning question, this business of how to become a star.

In my case, the simple fact is that I'm stage-struck, and always have been, but it was my toe which gave me my first chance. At the age of four I was tripping over myself badly, and the family doctor advised my mother to try dancing school as a possible cure. I was taken to Miss Minnie Hobb, the outstanding dancing teacher of Washington, D.C., and for two years she struggled with me valiantly, but unsuccessfully.

Every year, Miss Minnie hired one of the big theatres for the day, and put on an exhibition of her students' prowess. Regretfully, she told my mother that she couldn't have me out there falling over that toe, and I was not to appear. This came as a terrible blow to me and to my mother, because Miss Minnie's recitals were a big event, especially for the parents, who worked for weeks in advance sewing on spangles and making elaborate costumes.

My mother finally cooked up a scheme whereby I didn't have to dance at all—and hardly walk. I was to give an impersonation of the reigning musical star of America singing the rage song of the day—*The Gibson Bathing Girl*. Miss Minnie consented.

ONE of the big producer stars of the time, Lew Fields, was appearing at the theatre that week, and happened to come to the box-office for mail just about when I was to go on. He dropped into the theatre and stood at the back, probably just for a laugh. But when my little stunt was over, he rushed backstage, found my mother, and signed me for his new show, which was going on the following autumn. After that I appeared in four of his shows. He always had a part written in for me—no dancing, of course.

After those I was engaged by the great Charles Frohman to appear in one of his plays,

and so I made the leap from musicals to the legitimate theatre. I moved from part to part until at nineteen I played Margaret in Barrie's *Dear Brutus* in New York, and then I was what they call "made."

With the first money we were able to save out of the run of *Dear Brutus* and a subsequent play, mother and I came to England for our first trip. We stayed at Garland's Hotel, right at the end of Suffolk Street, directly facing the stage door of the Haymarket Theatre. We were mad for sightseeing, of course, but I couldn't be budged from our first-floor front room any morning until I had hung out of the window to see Sir James Barrie leave his car and walk through the magic portals of the Haymarket stage door to the rehearsals of *Quality Street*, starring Fay Compton. For two weeks I kept that vigil, and on the opening night we sat in the pit.

PERHAPS I made a vow then and there, though I wasn't aware of it, but I do know that in all the many years between I have had one goal in my mind—to open in London. And, wonder of wonders, when the time came for that opening, it was at the Haymarket Theatre. My mother was there, by the way—in tears.

Now I walk through that stage door every night, and even now, after a good many weeks, my heart still beats faster when I pass the stage doorman. I somehow feel that one night he will find me out and stop me.

Playing in London is every American actor's dream. We have steeped ourselves in the great traditions of the English theatre, and we have a belief that the English playgoers are more loyal and discerning than those at home. I have found this belief to be well based, and so now, instead of being content that I have had my opening in London and at the Haymarket, I am more than ever full of schemes and hopes to return. I am quite certain I shall choose all my plays in the future with an eye to their popularity in England as well as in America.

So you see—there is the story of my career. But if anyone secretly believes that the



America's most eminent actress, Helen Hayes, has been enchanting English audiences at the Haymarket for the last three months in Tennessee Williams's play, *The Glass Menagerie*. She is returning to the U.S. in November in order to meet theatrical commitments there

road to stardom is an easy one if you happen to tread it with a turned-in toe, I want to sound a warning. I had luck, yes, lots of luck, but I wasn't content to rest on it. I worked—oh, how I worked! Even after my name was in lights on Broadway, I was still coaching with one of America's top dramatic teachers. The whole of my career has been one long struggle to learn how to act.

PROFESSIONAL dignity I scorn—it is too constricting. I must be free to do anything that offers me a chance to grow. I have tried musicals, movies, radio, high tragedy, low comedy, poetic drama and slang—everything but the circus, and I'd have tried that if I could fit in anywhere. If anything comes along that will widen my scope of knowledge, I try it, whatever it may be. I shall probably go on this way for as long as I can navigate from a dressing-room to a stage. The first real essential, as I said, is to be stage-struck. Good luck and godspeed to all the others who are.

Three Independence



CHILE: Dr. Leon Subercaseaux, Mrs. Hector McNeil, H.E. Sr. Manuel Bianchi (Chilean Ambassador), Mr. Hector McNeil, Mme. Subercaseaux and Mr. Loveday

Mme. Ramirez, wife of the Paraguayan Chargé d'Affaires, with Mme. Colmenares (Venezuela)

Mr. C. P. Mayhew, of the Foreign Office, with Mrs. Arnold and the Mexican Ambassador, H.E. Señor Don Federico Jimenez O'Farrill, at the Dorchester luncheon

Priscilla of Paris

Cerdan the Victorious

THE FARM ON THE ISLAND.—I have just returned here after spending a few days in Paris, and though part of the time was occupied in dodging bits of iron gratings thrown by the mob and getting out of the path of over-excitable agents de police, I found that my old home town is, in spite of all (U.N.O. included), the Mecca of the foreigners and, taking it by and large, there is no other city in the world where I would care to live—since live in a city I must.

Feeling somewhat country-cousinish after my long spells at the Farm this summer, the first thing I do on returning to town is to lunch at the Berkeley, where one usually hears the newest gossip and sees the latest arrivals of note. As considerable in volume as he is in fame, Mr. Charles Laughton, with a party of charming young satellites, absorbed our attention to such an extent that we almost mistook our cheese soufflé for an omelette surprise. A pretty girl at the next table seemed slightly disappointed by his conventional handling of knife and fork. But then, she had only seen him before in the film *Henry the Eighth*, where, it will be remembered, he had a particularly roguish way of pulling a chicken apart with his fingers.

Josephine Baker was also there, somewhat exhausted after fitting the forty-one frocks and costumes she will wear in the new spectacular revue at the Folies Bergère, of which, to our delight, she will be the very welcome star this winter. And members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet find this famous restaurant conveniently close to the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, where they have had a grand reception. Ninette de Valois, Frederick Ashton and Constant Lambert are names of power, and all Paris is losing its heart to Moira Shearer, just as it did—and does—to Margot Fonteyn, who is seen to better advantage on the bigger stage of the Champs Élysées than when she lanced with Roland Petit at the Marigny last spring.

THE great Cerdan fight took place the same night as the presentation to the public of Jean Cocteau's film version of his play *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, and it followed, of course, that when the audience left the cinema most of us were singing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning"! The wise ones went to the Lido, where the floor show and dancing kept us awake. There I saw Cocteau, Yvonne de Bray, Jean Marais, Mistinguett and *les boys*, lovely Belita, Robert Pizani and Nadia Grey.

The ringside comments broadcast badly, but the French version of "break away"

(*séparation par l'arbitre*) bids fair to become a popular catchword! The joyous pandemonium that broke forth at the announcement of Cerdan's world championship win was deafening! We all drank his health so heartily that we were somewhat hazy about counting our change when some very tall additions were presented . . . also three cars piled up in the middle of the Champs Élysées!

S EATED under the pine trees, of which the cones are crackling in the heat, I can hardly believe that a few hours ago I was in the tobacco-laden, champagne-smelly atmosphere of a night-club. The dragonflies are making their quivering flight from lavender bush to lavender bush, there is not a whisper of wind; only a cool freshness from the sea. The cat, who came down from Paris on its lead, seated in the car like a perfect gentleman, is stalking grasshoppers and getting "good and mad" as he misses them all. A noonday hush is over everything, yet it is past six o'clock, the shadows are lengthening and soon there will be a glorious sunset. It has been a perfect Island day. My faithful Hebe is preparing the house for its winter sleep, and to-morrow, most unwillingly, I must help.

Nearly everyone has gone. The Island will again belong almost entirely to the natives. Only a few lucky souls are staying on for a while. The Comtesse Hallez, who has a converted windmill for her summer home and who joins her married children, at Casablanca, in November; the Baronne de la Rue du Can, who lives here the whole year round; and the David Strohls, who have a lovely coast home for "fine" weather, a charming village house for "variable," and a flat in Paris for winter. One of their neighbours in the village is the Comtesse Maine de Biran, who talks most amusingly but also has the divine gift of silence, after spells of which she produces golden verses, signed Michèle de Biran, and illustrated by Touchages, but, alas, only published in an *édition de luxe*.

Robert Kemp, another windmill-dweller, who is dramatic critic of *Le Monde*, had to rush back to Paris for the première of the Clariond-Biberti production of *Othello* (and didn't think much of it). Dark-eyed "Patate" Mahot, who is such a fine tennis player, and her more fragile, blue-eyed sister, are off to the south in a week or so, and in a few days the Jean Gutzeits' spandy grey Humber Hawk and my beloved but disreputable-looking Miss Chrysler 1926 will wend their way Pariswards at about the same time.



The Ambassadors of Yugoslavia and Argentina, the Salvador Chargé d'Affaires, and the Ministers of Rumania and Cuba



H.E. Mons. Michalowski (Poland) and the Chilean Ambassador with H.E. Mr. Leif Egeland, High Commissioner for South Africa



MEXICO: The Lebanon Minister, H.E. Mons. Victor Khoury, talking to the Greek Ambassador, H.E. Mons. Leon V. Melas, at the Mexican Embassy

Days Are Celebrated in London



GUATEMALA: Sir Donald Banks with Mrs. Parle and H.E. the Guatemalan Minister, General don Miguel Ydígoras-Fuentes, and his wife



Mrs. Jack Steinberg with Mrs. Ian McGarvie-Munn, daughter of the Guatemalan Minister. The reception was held at Canning House



Mr. Robin Hood with Señorita Blanco-Fombona, the authoress, who is Cultural Attaché to the Venezuelan Embassy



Lord and Lady Allerton, from Leicestershire, watching the foals being paraded at Park Paddocks



Lord and Lady Manton on the way to the sales ring. Lord Manton is a director of the British Bloodstock Agency



The auctioneer for Tattersalls, Major Gerald H. Deane, with Mr. Gilbert Barling, the trainer, and Count Zamyski, who was buying for the Polish Jockey Club



Miss Catherine de Trafford, youngest daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, noting the prices



Mrs. J. V. Rank, wife of the owner and breeder, and an owner herself, with Mr. Jack Leach, the trainer



Spectators gather to watch the yearlings



Mr. Rufus Beasley discusses the sales list with Mrs. Cazenove, wife of the owner, Capt. E. de L. Cazenove.



Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King's trainer, talking to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who is the fourth baronet



Maud, Countess Fitzwilliam and Capt. Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, talking to the King's jockey, W. Carr

THE NEWMARKET FIRST

A Rockingham Stud Filly Made



The Hon. Hugh Stanley, brother of the Earl of Derby, with Mrs. J. A. Dewar, wife of the owner and breeder, and Lady Irwin, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Halifax



Mr. R. Shelley with Mrs. A. M. Bailward, the breeder, two of whose colts were sold during the sales



Mrs. Ryan Jarvis, whose husband, the trainer, was among the purchasers of bloodstock



Horses were proceeding to the sellers' ring



The Aly Khan, who paid top price for the Rockingham Stud filly, with his trainer, Mr. Frank Butters



Mrs. Martin Benson, wife of the owner and breeder, was another keenly interested in the sales

OCTOBER YEARLING SALES

The Top Price of 8,800 Guineas



Mrs. Guy Shorrock, the owner and breeder, with Lady Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, and Mrs. Cooper Bland



Mr. Bernard van Cutsem with his wife, Lady Margaret van Cutsem, daughter of Earl Fortescue



Lord Grimthorpe, the banker and sportsman, and Lady Grimthorpe, who came down from Yorkshire



Black Beauty lashes out in an Edwardian paddock

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HAVING lately celebrated the 600th anniversary of their charter, the barbers of Oxford show a strange reluctance to reassess their right to bleed the local dons twice a year, we observe with some surprise.

Opening veins, cupping, and minor operations, such as curing boils, restoring alcoholics, and setting fractures, were the main duties of every Guild of Barber-Surgeons. They could also claim the bodies of the hanged for anatomical research. What they discovered in hanged dons' bodies, apart from a kind of greyish sawdust, is not known. It is believed that their traditional volubility derives from anxiety-hysteria following that unpleasing operation.

Dons bled regularly, despite their screams, for spiritual pride and mental confusion, or the Academic Willies, become new men, by all accounts. The simple operation is best performed, we find on looking it up, under the Zodiacal sign of Aries (late March-April), which is "hot and dry, of the nature of fire, and governeth the head of man; right good for bleeding when the Moon is in it." You say the moon's effect is notoriously malignant, but you forget that this applies exclusively to human beings.

All right. Don't forget, boys—one pint only from the Master of Belial, or we bitch the entire future of Modern Thought. Okay, boss.

Snag

A CHAP worrying Auntie Times over the reform of the House of Lords failed to touch on a question which upsets 75 per cent of candidates for the Peerage and turns the complexions at Heralds' College from a mottled azure to a deep rich gules.

Nobody expects the Party to relax its iron rules, but many chaps feel that the boys in Queen Victoria Street, who also expect cash-down for heraldic labours often involving intense imaginative strain, should loosen up. Arms on the easy-payment system would further enable noblemen from the City (many of whom are highly sensitive) to nip errant heraldic fancy swiftly in the bud. E.g.:

"... and these figures, which are called 'supporters,' are of course essential, even to the cheapest crest."

"What's the naked bloke in the bowler holding?"

"Er—a piece of lead-piping. (Cough) Allegorical, as it were."

"Listen, wise guy . . ."

Footnote

THE old feudal days when heralds ramped practically unchecked are over; as indeed a distinguished poet intimates in a now-classic meditation on a certain General Election :

The accursed power which stands on Privilege
(And goes with Women, and Champagne, and
Bridge);

Standing By ...

Broke—and Democracy resumed her reign,
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women, and
Champagne).

Get cracking, armigeri-elect.

Revolt

ARGUEES are apparently not taking with avidity to a newly-invented device enabling barge-horses to walk straight along the towpath, instead of proceeding—as now—crabwise, thereby straining their hind-quarters.

Aged horsemen with thin, bandy legs will tell you that hordes of rich women adopted the same hostile attitude when it was proposed to abolish the bearing-rein, a barbarous device which braced up carriage-horses' heads very tightly and made them step smartly in the Park. We dimly remember expressing infant indignation over this, being a passionate fan, at the period, of *Black Beauty*, the life-story of what H. G. Wells aptly called "a very Anglican horse." We hoped *Black Beauty* would get a lot of wicked rich women in picture-hats into the paddock and kick the slats out of them, to hearty laughter from King Edward VII. Authority hastened to remind us that a horse of this type would refrain (however saddened) from any behaviour not tending to improvement.

The striking thing about that distant age, as compared with the age of Democracy and the Universal Vote, is that humane chaps would

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Briggs has joined some kind of movement . . ."

have lashed out in print at rich women on this occasion even if they'd been barges.

Roguey

A RECENTLY-REPORTED domestic fuss in Scotland, due to a citizen's finding a dead mouse in his diet, must have sounded infinitely more sinister in the original.

One thinks of Carlyle, whose bride in roguey mood would pop out at him like a mouse from the study-wainscot in Cheyne Walk, causing Carlyle to roar with laughter. When Ruskin, a jumpy type, asked one day, "What's that noise?" Carlyle said merrily, "Havers, ye puir gomeral, there's a wee moose in ma hoose!" On which Ruskin said with a terrified giggle, "How very Canadian!" and ran for his life. Thus the rumour spread round Chelsea that Carlyle was haunted by an imaginary moose; brow, bay, and tray, and three on top, like the Runnable Stag. As 85 per cent of the Chelsea locals are haunted by something or other this caused no great comment, the point of this anecdote being that Carlyle in time grew sick of Mrs. Carlyle's mouse act and trouble began in the Carlyle ménage. As a modern biographer has observed :

Carlyle combined the lit'ry life
With throwing teacups at his wife, (etc.)

Other things contributed, but archness started it. A great warning to whimsy little Barriesque teases and winsome curl-shaking romps of every description. (End.)

Check

BOOKSY boys who swoon unexpectedly in the streets of London in 1948, as one did recently on meeting his income-tax assessor (so he said), are ill-advised. If they think another De Quincey act is possible, it is moreover sucks-boo.

De Quincey fans will recall that when the master swooned away on a doorstep in Soho Square late one night his girl-friend, Ann, ran into Oxford Street and "in less time than can be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port-wine and spices," which saved De Quincey's life. The exact time is not mentioned. It is important. After 10.30 p.m. in any part of London—after 10 p.m. in some areas—any decent licensee of 1948 would see any citizen, still more any booksy boy, die in great agony rather than open his door one half-inch. We have heard of an eggcupful of brandy being refused to a farmer's wife who fainted on an inn-doorstep at 4.15. She should have waited to be taken ill till 6, and had she happened to die between 4.15 and 5.59 the coroner's jury would have commended the landlord for devotion to the Licensing Laws.

The moral is that—as ardent thinkers are so fond of reminding us—we are not living in the Middle Ages. If you must die *al fresco*, saps, get a police-permit.



Mr. S. Balding's *Flashaway Susan* handled by Mr. W. Evans, and Mr. M. Christie's *Dimas Bluebottle* (foreground) making a point, watched by the judges, Lorna Countess Howe and Mr. G. Conway Williams

GUNDOG TRIALS AT SUTTON SCOTNEY

Pointers, Setters and Retrievers Compete in the Field at a Hampshire Meeting



Mr. M. Christie, who had three dogs in the trials, with the Hon. Mrs. J. B. Maurice, daughter of Lord Goddard



Mr. A. Jobin (right), a Swiss visitor, discussing the programme with Major R. F. H. Cowan, one of the stewards, and Mrs. Cowan



Dr. J. B. Maurice, who lives at Marlborough, being taken in tow by his setters, with Mrs. Maurice following

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire



Sir John Molesworth-St. Aubyn, Bt., of Pencarrow, near Bodmin, where the gymkhana was held, stops to consult his programme

The North Cornwall Hunt Gymkhana at Bodmin



Lady Molesworth-St. Aubyn tying a first-prize rosette on the pony ridden by her younger daughter, Prudence Molesworth-St. Aubyn



Sir Robert Howe, Governor-General of the Sudan, who with Lady Howe is staying at Lostwithiel watches an event with Major J. Rashleigh



Capt. R. H. Hall, of Hamatehy St. Beward, former Master of the North Cornwall for twelve years, with Mrs. Hall

IF there is an equine Valhalla, and heaven forfend that there is not, then surely one of the most gallant horses that ever looked through a bridle has gone there. It is proposed to set up a memorial to Brown Jack at the Equine Research Station on the Animal Health Trust at Newmarket, which is all very right and proper; but seeing that his greatest triumphs were scored at Ascot—six wins straight off the reel in the Alexandra Stakes, plus an Ascot Stakes in 1928—it would seem that the Royal course has the better claim. Newmarket's desire to have a visual memorial to so great a fighter is quite understandable, but if Brown Jack's shade ever revisits the glimpses of the moon, it is to Ascot and not to Newmarket. That it is most likely to float.

The conception of the happy hunting-ground for those who have been our close companions upon earth dates back beyond that period called "time immemorial," and within a considerably shorter space we know that great chieftains and warriors have believed that their comrades in many an adventure have jumped the Last Great Fence with them when the appointed moment arrived. The Valkyries of a certainty did; the not-so-simple savage also did, and those who buried Lord Dacre and his charger in an upright position after the very bloody battle of Towton (March 29th, 1461, in the Bramham country) may also have thought along the same lines. The Lancastrian cavalry officer and his horse were interred in full war panoply in the graveyard of Little Saxton Church, which overlooks the Valley of Death down which flows the Cock Beck.

MANY a horse and many a dog have better qualifications than many a human to a resting-place in the Islands of the Blest. I am sure that you and I could name dozens. As to current events, anyone who only saw the photograph of the finish of the Melbourn Stakes at Newmarket on September 28th will probably have made up his mind about the Cesarewitch favourite, Woodburn. Anyone who saw the race most emphatically will have done so. Woodburn was only beaten a head—a short one, I should say—by a gallant warrior National Spirit, who may collect a second Champion Hurdle Race at Cheltenham in due course. You could have tied lovers' knots in Woodburn's reins. I suggest we take no notice of his "wanderings" *en route*, or of the suggestion that he has his own ideas about things. I think on this Melbourn Stakes running he ought to win to-day and I shall be much surprised if he does not.

As to recent happenings, this quite bloodless victory by His Majesty's Ávila by Hyperion out of Ste. Thérèse (by Santorb, a line back to another great stayer) is the most interesting, and when she won the 6 furlongs Waterford Stakes at Ascot we probably saw the winner of next year's Oaks. The King's other winner on the same day, Angelola, goes to the stud at the end of this season, and will undoubtedly be the mother of many who will stay just as well as she does. Both these fillies are home-bred, which enhances the pleasure of their successes, and both were trained by the man who showed us all how a Leger winner should be sent forth to battle, Cecil Boyd-Rochfort; address: Freemason Lodge, Newmarket. It is quite on the cards that in addition to one classic, another big success next season will go to the same address!

"**M**UST It Be Good-bye?" is the headline to a beautiful poster recently issued by the British Field Sports Society. It shows us a fine dog hound saying "Howdy" to the huntsman, whilst one of the hunt horses looking on completes the group. The original was painted by Mrs. Horace Colmore, M.B.E., which is tantamount to saying that it is very first-class.

The question itself is not easy to answer in present circumstances, for, even if we are not compelled once again to turn this island into an unsinkable aircraft-carrier, the enemy of every field sport is very much alive, and not always inspired by those lofty motives which he advertises. Some of his kidney even go so far as to believe that every fox-hunter, shooter and fisherman should be hanged upon the nearest tree, or destroyed by an even more painful method.

All through the First German War, the interim period, and the Second German War, fox-hunting was kept going under difficulties which only M.F.H.'s, Hunt Committees and Hunt Secretaries actually knew, and I say this of that uneasy truce period quite deliberately. If a more modern conflict should burst upon us,



Cyril Tolley, formerly British Amateur champion, plays himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, according to tradition. The event took place at 8 a.m., and the new Captain hit one of the best drives on record for the ceremony, of over 200 yards

it will make very heavy going for those who try to maintain an ancient tradition, and also for those who think that hunting people should have their necks stretched. Our old enemy, f.s.d., has been, and still is, the Black Care which sits behind the horseman and also behind a good many other people; so how can anyone, faced by all these imponderables, find an answer to "Must It Be Good-bye?"

To ward off any well-merited brickbats, I hasten to apologise for a recent infamous slip of the pen by which Sir Francis Younghusband, the political head of that historic mission to Tibet, was called George in a note about those wonderful images of Buddha carved in the rock-face of Red Idol Gorge, a defile which is traversed on the long road to Lhasa. So much had been arriving about some other Georges that I was saturated with the name.

The Gorge is quite easy to find. First of all you go up about 7000 feet, then drop down to about 300 feet to probably the steamiest valley in the wide world, the Teesta, with a rapid river full of good fish; then you just turn due north, up and up, 10,000 feet, 14,000 feet, 16,800 feet, 17,000 feet, then down a few thousands and across the Brahmaputra—a most unfriendly river—and there you are at Lhasa; but you will have found the Red Buddhas about six to eight marches before that.

"**Y**ou aren't going to use all that lot, are you?" "Not necessarily; but I always like to have them handy—just in case!" "What, the corkscrew one and all?" "Yes, in certain eventualities, perhaps!" "Just a moment, I've left my handkerchief in my greatcoat in the hall! Hang on; I won't be a moment!"

There was then the sound of the dentist's front door being slammed.

There was another true story I "mind." The chap was in the depths of the country and had to "have one out" and was given the address of an expert in the next village. When he got there, he found that the torture chamber was next door to a sanguinary butcher's shop. He jumped into his car and was off like a scalded cat.



Royal Lytham St. Annes was the setting for the successful amateur and professional foursomes tournament sponsored by the Daily Telegraph. It was won by G. H. Micklem and C. H. Ward in an exciting final at the nineteenth against J. Morton Dykes and F. Daly. Above, the Belgian professional, F. van Donck, partnered by B. A. Lennox, is seen playing out of a bunker at the seventh. This combination was beaten in the second round by Dr. J. A. Flaherty and S. C. King by 3 and 2.

Scoreboard

ANYTHING can happen at Whist Drives; as Mr. Gladstone remarked to the Chief Constable of Rutland, who, for once, found no reason to disagree. The Winning Gentleman may go the wrong way, and so cannon into the yet more Winning Lady. The Prizes may get muddled up by a secretly alcoholic Hon. Sec., so that Mrs. Bountiful, blowing into the Village Hall with two topiarized poodles and her most Whistful (basin, please) smile, hands the Second Gent. a box of assorted face-powder and the Hidden Lady a stick of vanishing shaving-soap. But it's not often that you sit on the left, as I did, of a charming competitrix whose first words were: "Which are the Spades?" A question that caused her partner, the local solicitor, to drop five spare aces, pips upwards, on the linoleum.

NOW, if one of the England forwards in the Soccer match against Denmark the other week had asked: "Which is the goal?" it would have occasioned less surprise. A strange match, that; and it might have been expected that those who had paid £250 for a ten-hob seat would indicate a slight sense of disappointment at the fare provided.

Not at all. Everyone, unless Reuter is pulling our leg again, seems to have been highly delighted and excited. And quite right too. Speeches were made; and, if they weren't, they were handed

to the Press in advance. The visitors were complimented on their ambassadorial value; and the price of Danish bacon and butter will be greatly reduced; or not.

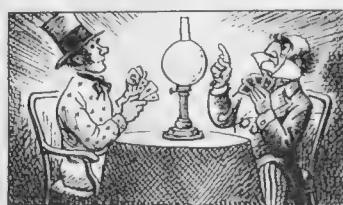
Anyhow, famous blokes just won't always do their stuff to order; and many times I heard my grandfather relate how, when touring the Continent, he was taken to see Ibsen at work on a new play, and found the illustrious Henrik dressed in a one-piece wool suit, drinking beer from a flower-vase, and cursing the pattern of a new wall-paper.

BOXING, like Soccer, has its little surprises; and, in connection with Bruce Woodcock's recent come-back, a friend of mine has a theory, no more, that Mr. Lee Oma may have been another man with the same name. He adduces the parallel case of the hot composer from the U.S.A. whom the then P.M., in the belief that he was a political columnist with the same sort of name, invited to luncheon and told him how much he enjoyed his work, and the composer replied, with blushing ears, "Waal, Mr. Prime Minister, I reckon I've done my share in tin-pan alley." There is also Mr. Hilaire Belloc's immortal creation who lost his memory on the Atlantic, was mistaken for the multi-magnate

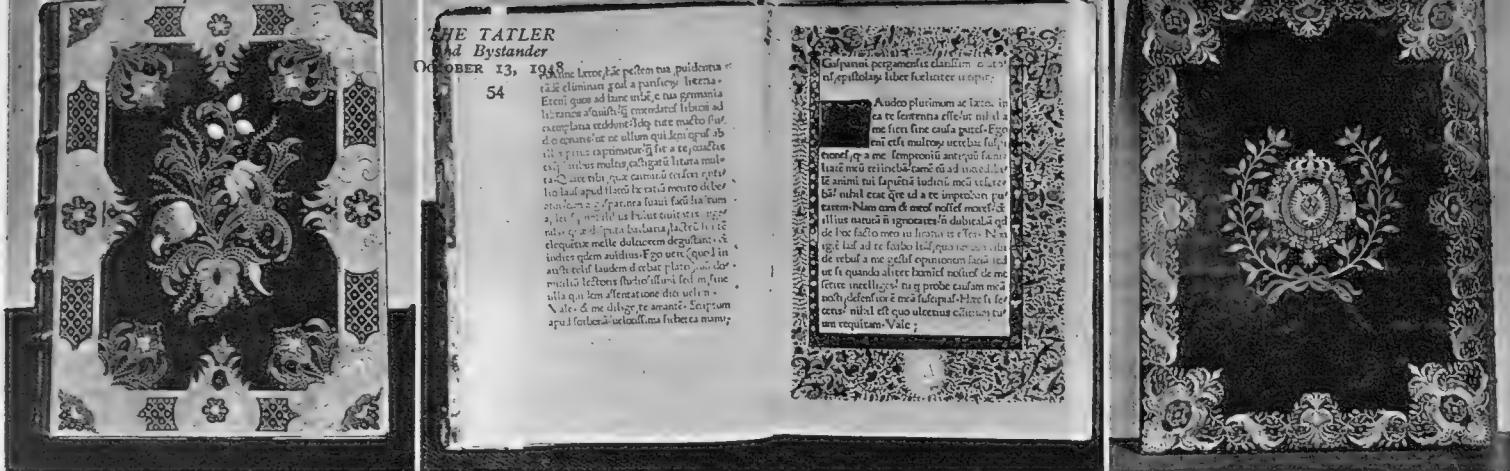
Mr. John Kosciusko Petre, and became a millionaire almost without speaking a word. So you never quite know, do you?

NEARLY thirty years ago, Abe Mitchell won the professional match-play championship of golf in consecutive years. Now, F. J. Daly, of Northern Ireland, has done the same. Daly is like Mitchell in his simplicity of method, and in his refreshing if somewhat unfashionable lack of showmanship; unlike him in his temperamental address to the game. Daly is apt to whistle his way blithely down fairway or rough. The great Mitchell, even in his hours of resounding triumph, and they were many, looked as if he were rising painfully superior to a regretted necessity.

Meanwhile, research continues to be directed towards reducing golf to an exact science; and golf, with commendable vigour and manifest success, continues to resist. We continue, praise be, to slice and to scuffle, to hook and to hoick. Balls are still annihilated with one caress of the mashie. But let us beware. The day will come when, though the green be a mile from the tee, we shall do it all in one stroke, with a steel ball, a magnetised hole, and faces like the reverse side of a long-deceased halibut.



R.C. Robertson - Glasgow



Three of the Exhibits at the National Book League's exhibition "A Thousand Years of French Books," at its premises in Albemarle Street, W.1. On the left is a mid-eighteenth-century rococo Monnier binding in scarlet morocco, inlaid and gilt; the centre shows the only illuminated page in the first book printed in France, a scholar's textbook of Latin prose, and on the right is a Padeloup binding in blue morocco made for Louis XV, and given by him to his daughters

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

WHAT would you do if, out of the blue one morning, you got a letter inviting your child to become a film star? The flat in the big block overlooking the "village in Piccadilly" had throughout the whole war survived bombing: it was in this same flat, at breakfast-time, in July of a year ago, that a very different bombshell was to explode.

"Dear Madam," said this letter (more or less). "We are making a film next September with Michèle Morgan, Sir Ralph Richardson and Sonia Dresdel, for which we need a little boy just like yours to play a very leading rôle. We don't suppose, for a moment, you would consent, but if you would allow him to be a film star, for just one picture . . ."

"It's a joke," said Madeleine. "Why should they write to me? What do they know about Bobby? All the same, wouldn't it be wonderful?"

She looked across the table at Philip, expecting him to say:

"Not on your life! I couldn't possibly agree."

She remained, therefore, for a few seconds in a state of querulous disappointment. . . . "But, of course, it's not possible," she reflected and, handing the letter to Philip, poured out the coffee.

The matter, however, did not end there: on the contrary, this was its beginning page. *A Film Star in Belgrave Square* (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.) is nominally written by Robert Henrey—the "Philip" of the dialogue, Bobby's father. I am, however, allowed to reveal that the book is, actually, Mrs. Robert Henrey's work; and more, that the Robert Henreys have been engaged in a happy conspiracy for some time—part-authorship of a few, sole authorship of the other now famous "Robert Henrey" books has, now, been admitted by Madeleine Henrey. A charm, and I think virtue, of all the books is their effect of being a blend of two personalities, two experiences—of the London wartime trilogy, the other London chronicles and the novels, it had struck me that they might have been written, equally, by either husband or wife.

* * *

MRS. ROBERT HENREY, though always in the third person (as, indeed, she still is in this latest book), is by now well known and, if one may say so without impertinence, dear to us. Let us salute her coming into the open. *A Film Star in Belgrave Square* does gain, I think, for the reader from our knowledge that it was written by Bobby's mother, not written at one remove. Am I, I wonder, not right in believing it has an unmistakably first-hand ring? One might have suspected the authorship in any case. For, it was Mrs. Henrey who accompanied her eight-year-old son into the heart of a Korda unit; who was present first in London then out at Shepperton, through the exciting months of the making of *The Fallen*

Idol—the film based on the Graham Greene short story "The Basement Room."

This book will appeal to child-lovers, film-lovers, parents, and not least to children—for whom Bobby Henrey will be a much-to-be-envied little boy. There are indeed, in *A Film Star in Belgrave Square*, elements of a fairy-tale come true. As an account—by an observant, intelligent and imaginative outside person—of the making of a "big" film, the book is unique. Unique in itself, indeed, was Mrs. Henrey's position in the heart of a film unit at work—as the young star's mother she assisted in technical mysteries which no other outsider, however privileged, could have hoped to behold.

* * *

FROM the first, Bobby took things calmly. His mother's reaction to the long strain of the film-making was, however, very much more complex; and it is the psychological honesty with which Mrs. Henrey tells her own story—the star's mother's story—during those strange months which, I think, makes this book most valuable of all. In the first, the decision to allow Bobby to play the rôle had not been arrived at without considerable hesitation on the part of both parents, and some internal conflict on Mrs. Henrey's. Lightly but truly, she has analysed her own state of mind—before and after the preliminary interview with William O'Bryen, of London Film Productions, at the time of the signing of Bobby's contract, and at a point half-way through the actual making of



Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, former British Ambassador in Paris, who opened the French book exhibition, looking at one of the displays with Lady Duff Cooper. The list of those who have lent books is headed by the King

"A Film Star in Belgrave Square"

"Sinecure"

"The Artamonov Business"

The Fallen Idol, when her own nervous tiredness re-aroused her misgivings.

* * *

THERE had been no doubt, from the first, that young Bobby's well-being was the concern of everyone in the unit; that there would be no fear of the child's being over-exploited, over-excited or over-taxed. And, in looking at this experience from Bobby's point of view, his mother could see both its good for him and his own extraordinary fitness for it. Towards the end she sums up her reflections thus:

Not the least strange aspect of this film, which since the end of the summer had been so important to them all, was the way the child by a series of circumstances got mixed up in the lives of grown-ups and tried to think and act like them. The story was thus never a child's story. All the accent was placed on the grown-ups and the drama round them. . . .

Now, in real life the child of the film was an only son and, by circumstances characteristic of the period, obliged to live in a small flat mixed up far more intimately with the thoughts and actions of his parents than would have been the case, fortune for fortune, at any other age. . . . He and those of his age gave signs of growing up loyal, honest and reasonable, into this new post-war world. Of one thing Madeleine was certain, that the film had none of the evil effects on her son which her friends had been so quick to prophesy, but undoubtedly he had changed. This continual contact, both at work in the studios and during the week-ends at home, with grown-ups had given him a poise and thoughtfulness far beyond his age. He had developed by acting almost every day, either with Michèle Morgan or with Sonia Dresdel, a politeness with women entirely devoid of timidity or affront. He had learnt the importance of hard work, and what is much more important, continued hard work, for the film had ceased to be a novelty and he was now putting into it the same desire to do a job well which was so strong with Carol Reed. The very large sums of money he earned may possibly have given him some personal satisfaction, but he derived no immediate benefit from them, not even being allowed a buttered bun on the stage, which had long been forbidden in the hope of keeping him slim. . . . The drawings he made and the books he read continued to occupy most of his spare time. He had acquired the facility of all only children of being perfectly able to amuse themselves.

* * *

WHAT had, by the way, inspired that original letter-out-of-the-blue? The solution, the Henreys found, was a simple one: William O'Bryen had spotted Bobby's photograph in one of the Robert Henrey books. "There's this photograph of your son in *A Village in Piccadilly* and, well, I've a hunch this boy is the one we need. Hunches are

terribly important things in our business and we don't often have them." Will, I wonder, all other parents whose child's photograph appears in a published book, be from now on living in hope or fear (according to temperament) that the story is going to repeat itself?

For truly it is an absorbing, a fascinating story. When the O'Bryan letter arrived Bobby, all unconscious, was happily summering at the farm in Normandy with his French grandmother; Madeleine Henrey was on the point of going to join them. A day return-trip by air from the Normandy farm to the Korda headquarters in Piccadilly was the first, for Bobby, of a series of what might seem apocryphal experiences. (The flight, from and back to Deauville, was made through high blue halcyon August weather; the French pilot carried Bobby's bicycle on the return journey.)

Then, in autumn, after the signing of the contract, the going to work—Bobby's first day, being "shot" running to and fro dodging traffic in Belgrave Square. The Zoo sequences; the work on Belgravia news scenes—after that, the move out to fantastic Shepperton, where the boy and his mother remain for weeks installed:

MRS. HENREY's powers of description are to be envied: her accounts of hepperton—the studios, the stretches of open ground on which till stood, ghostly, some of the tilts for *Anna Karenina*—are hunting. Nor is she less happy her portraiture—friendship with Michele Morgan was, for Mrs. Grey, one of the main delights (when one comes to think it) remarkably self-obliterating existence; and she gives us an intimate picture of the star. Also she has, by the end of *A Film in Belgrave Square*, introduced to us wonderfully many personalities on the Unit List. Her treatment of *contretemps*—such as Bobby's fortunate hair-cut—is diverting. Last but least, there is her own appearance in the film as the ambassador's wife—Bobby's screen well as actual mother.

* * * * *

Sincur (Werner Laurie; 10s. 6d.), Michael Harrison has returned to Worcester, that cathedral city which was the scene of his *House in Fishergate*. *Sincur* opens with eerily good description of a demolition squad work on that ancient quarter—enemy bombs good work for Mr. Young, "progressive" surveyor, who means, now, to raise steel-concrete where timbered gables stood. Higgins, Rector of St. Beowulf's, is embarrassed by the new glare of sky where there had once been secretive, friendly shadows. His uneasiness at having to cross the open instead of threading his way along narrow streets symptomises, quite likely, his state of mind. For Mr. Higgins has two secrets, both deeply hid. The first secret is innocent, the second more nearly so than the world might think. Ironically,

it is on account of the first that this agreeable has, for years, been blackmailed by his mother. Still more ironically, it was to help that same odious lady, that Raymond Higgins, while still at Oxford, sold himself to a grotesque second career—the grinding-out, under the pen-name of Osric Lancashire, of errand-boys' thrillers for a rag called *The Brilliant*. Three previous "Osric Lancashires" having died of drink, the young Raymond, anxious for ready money, had been thrust into the rôle by Unified Press, Ltd., nor is he soon to escape from those hideous toils.

* * * *

RAYMOND, though he had not had the heart to say so, had not really wished to enter the Church; but here Mrs. Higgins had proved implacable. One might expect, given the circumstances, that our hero would be an abject figure—the muffish, mother-dominated cleric of comic fiction. Far from it. Raymond, a double Blue, gains steadily on the sympathy of the reader as a man penalised for having behaved too well. His wife, the utterly dreary May, has been, like his profession, forced on him by his mother as one more means of keeping his wings clipped.

Only young Mrs. Leighton, the widow met too late, dares to rage against Raymond's exploitation and challenge him to break bounds. Their love—his second secret—makes it possible for him to tell her about the "Osric" skeleton in his cupboard.

* * * *



A fourteenth-century jewelled binding of the Gospels in the French book exhibition. It was presented by Charles V. of France to the Sainte-Chapelle in 1379

about this masculine writing; some of the scenes (such as the glimpse of the old doctor eating cheese) have a cinema-like vividness; and the fierce political satire at the end will delight many. The Mythraic origin of St. Beowulf's (whose frank sculptures offend some Worcester ladies) introduces yet another theme; and the dramatic salvation of the church consoles Raymond for the final sacrifice he has had to make.

* * * *

MAXIM GORKI's magnificent novel *The Artamonov Business* deals with the rise and fall of a middle-class family—three generations—in a small Russian town: it ends with the 1917 revolution. As a work of art, a document on Russian character and a picture of provincial life, this book is not to be missed. The Artamonovs, freed serfs, marching in force, hypnotise the sluggish town of Dromov: in the same way, their fortunes will grip the reader. Translated into good English by Alec Brown, *The Artamonov Business* appears in Messrs. Hamish Hamilton's "Novel Library," in which it is No. 19—price 6s.

Winifred Lewis

on

Fashions

A DISCLOSURE which I take real pleasure in making is that Christmas shopping, which last year turned out to be the shortest possible route to insolvency, shows a real prospect this year of being less financially disrupting.

A quiet reconnoitre this past week brought to light some heartening endeavours on the part of people who think up Christmas displays while you and I are still keeping the lid clamped firmly down on the whole idea, to find their own answer to current headache number one—*The Cost Of It All*.

The result is that the people with the presence of mind to shop really early for Christmas (a surprising number were doing it last week) can count on finding gifts which can be offered without loss of face at a price which leaves the breath more or less in the body. Surprising, perhaps, but true.

If you want to be expensive with your gifting it will be all too easy. On the other hand, small gifts will do much less injury to your pocket than was the case last year.

As with one mind, the cosmetic manufacturers, for instance, have come across with special Christmas packs of their best-known products at reduced prices.

Good perfume will be a popular choice, since many of the better makes are appearing in small packs. Coty have re-issued their famous and much-loved *L'aimant* (19s. 3d. for a 1-oz.); Cyclax have produced charming little packs of their delicious *Perfume Rose* and *Whispering* at 42s. 6d., and the lovely and long-lost Elizabeth Arden *Blue Grass* is back (in one size only for more ambitious presents) at five guineas. Arden's *Flower Mist*, a similar fragrance but lighter, can be had from 10s. 9d.

With a wise finger on the public pulse Marshall and Snelgrove are making a special point of presents at popular prices. There is an impressive array of cosmetics and beauty preparations by all the well-known makers; good gloves (cosy beaver-lamb gauntlets at 42s. 3d. were outstanding value), good-looking handbags at good-looking prices, and the best display of Christmas-tree novelties since the palmy days of peace. From the bland and very blonde fairy on the top to the blown-glass baubles on the lower branches, you can clothe the Christmas-tree with colour at a reasonable cost.

A WELCOME movement to cater for the hard-to-fit figure is developing nicely. Fenwicks of Bond Street are in the vanguard with their Model Room, which caters especially for the woman with the inches. Tall-above-average women can shop in this department free from the need (how well I know it!) to do battle with an endless series of garments, supposedly of the correct size, of which waists are just too high, and sleeves are just too short, calling for alterations which are much too expensive and quite unpredictable in their result.

Women who find it difficult to buy off-the-peg clothes because of individual variations from stock sizes, will be equally glad to hear that Peter Robinson have begun a new system of sizing for their ready-to-wear tailoring.

Whereas the general rule is for eight sizes only in ready-to-wear tailoring, this new system introduces no less than thirty-eight scientifically graded fittings. This means that if you are above average in height or below; if you are a little wider or a little narrower than average, there will be a size to fit you. A skirt or sleeve length may need adjustment, but these are minor and inexpensive alterations which in no way alter the character of the suit, as so often happens when major adjustments are called for.



RECORD OF THE WEEK

TASMANIAN-BORN Margherita Grandi obviously inherited her ability to sing and her amazing dramatic powers from her Italian and Irish parents. Many of you will remember her singing at Glyndebourne prior to 1939, and in the years that have passed since then her voice has matured and has now an intensity which she controls with genuine artistry and restraint.

Last year she was heard during the Edinburgh Festival in Verdi's little-known opera *Macbeth*, and recently she has recorded "La Luce Langue" from Act II, and the "Sleep Walking Scene" from Act IV, of this work. In the latter she has the able support of Ernest Frank, and to a lesser

degree, Vera Terry. This scene occupies three of the four sides, and throughout the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under the brilliant baton of Sir Thomas Beecham, provides one of the best orchestral accompaniments recorded for a long time. The balance is excellent.

It should be noted that the last note of the "Sleep Walking Scene" is not sung by the prima donna herself. In scoring this, Verdi set his Lady Macbeth an impossible task by writing in an un-singable note. Rather than allow Margherita Grandi to be credited with singing sharp, another voice was specially brought in to sing this single note. (H.M.V. DB. 6739-40.)

Robert Tredinnick.



Taylor, Darlington
White — White

Mr. Peter Davison White, only son of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. White, of Port Talbot, Glamorgan, and Miss Jeane Claire White, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. White, of Darlington, were married at St. Peter's Church, Croft, Yorks



Hughes-D'Aeth — Milne

Lt.-Cdr. Michael Hughes-D'Aeth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes-D'Aeth, of Horley, Surrey, married Miss Jillean Milne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Milne, of Northwood, Middlesex, at Holy Trinity Church, Northwood



Swaebe
Shaughnessy — Lodge

The marriage took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Mr. Alfred James Shaughnessy, younger son of the late Capt. the Hon. A. T. Shaughnessy, and of the Hon. Lady Legh, of St. James's Palace, London, S.W., and Miss Jean Margaret Lodge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lodge, of Kirkella, Yorkshire



Derrick — Le Blanc-Smith

Mr. Frederick Peter Byrne Derrick, Colonial Administrative Service, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Byrne Derrick, of Sutton Valence, Kent, married Miss Margaret Elaine Le Blanc-Smith, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Le Blanc-Smith, of Greenthorns, P.O. Gilgil, Kenya, at the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi



Blackwell — Meggs

Mr. Basil Davenport Blackwell, M.A., B.Sc., son of the late Mr. A. Blackwell and of Mrs. E. E. Lloyd, of Headingley, Leeds, and Miss Betty Meggs, daughter of Eng.-Capt. and Mrs. Meggs, of The Headland, Foxholes Hill, Exmouth, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Exmouth, Devonshire

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



de Bertodano — Widderson

Mr. Giles de Bertodano, son of the Marquis del Moral, and of the late Lady Ida de Bertodano, and Miss Eva Widderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew F. Widderson, of Montevideo, Uruguay, and late of Princes Gate, London, whose marriage took place in Uruguay



Reid — Dunlop

The wedding of Capt. Ian Douglas Reid, son of the late Capt. W. Douglas Reid, M.C., and of Mrs. Cyril Potter, of Borough Green, near Sevenoaks, Kent, and Miss Adrien Patricia Dunlop, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. L. Dunlop, of London, and Kirdford, took place at the Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield

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Miss Sheila Isabella Cockburn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cockburn, of Holland Park, W.11, who is engaged to Lt. Colin Peter Lindsay, The Black Watch (R.H.R.), son of Mr. H. S. Lindsay, of Culvers, Seale, Surrey, and of Mrs. H. R. Friedlander, of Wickham Road, Beckenham, Kent



Miss Penelope Anne Fairbairn, elder daughter of the late Capt. Sydney Fairbairn, M.C., Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Sydney Fairbairn, of Hans Road, S.W.3, who is engaged to Mr. Michael Wyndham Norton Hughes-Hallett, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hughes-Hallett, of The Lordship, Much Hadham

Lenare



Miss Mary Rosamund Purser, youngest daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Arthur Purser, of Midgham Croft, Woolhampton, Berkshire, who is engaged to Major Charles Bede Jarrett, M.C., D.F.C., R.A., only son of the late Col. A. F. V. Jarrett, and of Mrs. Jarrett, of St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea



Miss Katherine Mary Russell, daughter of the late Mr. James Robertson Russell, of Edinburgh, and of Mrs. Jerram, of High Street, Oxford, who is to marry Mr. Brock Denham Pinnock, elder son of Mr. Dudley Denham Pinnock, of Shrewsbury House, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3, and of the late Mrs. Pinnock

Pearl Freeman



Miss Pamela de Lande Long, daughter of Lt.-Col. A. de Lande Long, D.S.O., D.L., of Lisle Court, Wootton Bridge, Isle of Wight, and of the late Mrs. A. de Lande Long, who is to marry Mr. Peter Thornycroft, eldest son of Mr. Tom Thornycroft, of Overton, Hampshire

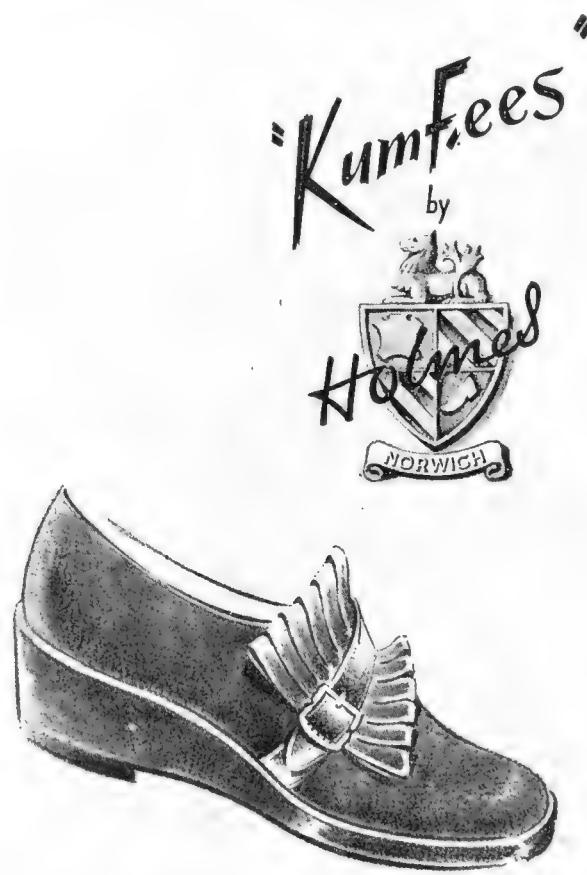


Miss Fay Edwards-Jones, only daughter of the late Mr. H. G. E. Edwards-Jones, and of Mrs. P. Edwards-Jones, of Garth, Gresford, near Wrexham, who is engaged to Mr. Anthony D. Clark, third son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Clark, of Holly Cottage, Marston, near Wrexham

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PEOPLE who favour British Imperial weights and measures and who oppose the introduction of the metric system are like those muscle-proud schoolboys who offer to take on anybody with one hand tied behind their back. British Imperial measures are more difficult to learn and to use than metric; they are more wasteful and more liable to lead to error; they are devoid of rational foundations.

Every step towards a better education in metric measures is therefore to be welcomed. And I can mention to-day one extremely useful step. It is what I believe to be—after extensive experience in these matters—the best book of conversion tables yet produced. But like all the best things in life, it cannot be bought with money. For it is a book published by Rolls-Royce and given away by them to those who can show cause.

It is a small book, measuring ten by fourteen centimetres, and it enables conversions to be made between metres and feet, kilometres and miles, kilograms and pounds and all the rest of it rapidly and readily. The tables are arranged in a novel manner, with the central column "neutral" and the two measures on either side of it. One works, therefore, from the central column and reads off at once the other measure in the right or left column. The book contains only ninety-three pages but it covers more ground than the much bigger British Standards book. I do not want Rolls-Royce to be snowed under with letters; but I do suggest that aviation engineers and air pilots ought to try and obtain a copy of this book.

THE solemn and the skittish will meet in the Science Museum, South Kensington, on Friday October 29, for on that date there will not only be dancing in those sober halls, but also a film show. Lest there be any misunderstanding I hasten to add that the occasion is the Conversazione to be held by

the Royal Aeronautical Society. The reception by the President, Dr. H. Roxbee Cox, and Mrs. Roxbee Cox will be at eight, refreshments will be served from nine and dancing will go on until midnight.

Former conversaziones in the Science Museum have been remarkably successful. There is time and opportunity to meet one's friends and to talk with them in a more leisurely way than is possible during the more swift and sudden encounters at cocktail parties. Dr. H. Shaw, the Director of the Museum, has given the Society permission to use it, and the setting is not only appropriate, but also original and congenial.

As befits the learned society which concerns itself with aviation, the Royal Aeronautical Society inclines to original ideas in its social occasions and entertainments. The conversazione is one of its most successful schemes and has always been extremely popular in past years. And the less serious-minded can go and look at the marvellous model locomotives which made a lasting impression on many of those who gazed at them in their youth.

I HAVE now had a full report of the novel helicopter item that was included in the display programme at Beaulieu. It heralds a new kind of "turn" for air meetings. A "ring master" in black field boots and top hat controlled the movements of three tame helicopters, each of which had its own little stand or stool on which, at the crack of the whip, it settled.

The helicopters went through all the usual movements that animals are made to do at the circus to the joy of the less thoughtful spectators and to the discomfiture of the others. They rose from their stools, turned about, sat down and even showed the same (and equally factitious) displays of temperament, one of them chasing the ring master.

It was an ingenious idea, admirably executed. I hope that the same turn will be put on again at many

Major A. Huskisson, M.C., who is a vice-president of the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" première, in aid of King George's Fund for sailors. In 1943 he was closely associated with the "Wings for Victory" savings drive

future air shows. And it is a useful demonstration of the precision with which skilled pilots can fly helicopters.

PETER MASEFIELD'S lecture before the Royal Aeronautical Society had a good Press and deserved a good Press for it was not only one of the most massive papers ever read before the Society, but also one of the most informative. It is the size of a biggish book and took me many hours to read.

Its use will be largely in the assembled figures and tables; but if one sought a view, it would be that higher speed aircraft are not likely to be much value until the methods of control at airports are improved. It is no good introducing aircraft with jets or with turboprops until we have airports which can guarantee that they will not be held "stacked" while awaiting their turn to land.

This point is linked up with the problems of terminal transport. The demonstration sponsored by *The Aeroflane*, in which London and Paris were linked by helicopter and jet aeroplane in an elapsed time of less than forty-seven minutes from St. Paul's to the Invalides, was most interesting though not wholly successful. For some reason the start was delayed several hours.

In the end, however, the helicopter is almost certain to enter the picture as the terminal taxi. It is the only hope of obtaining the full advantages from high translational speeds in the main journey.

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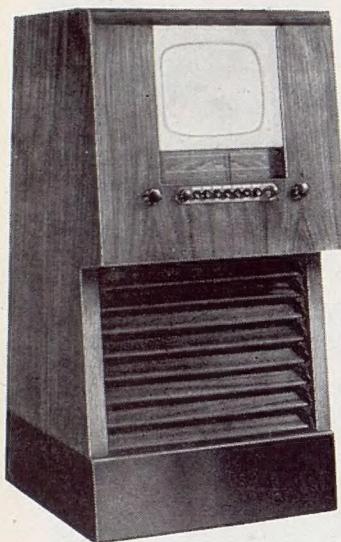


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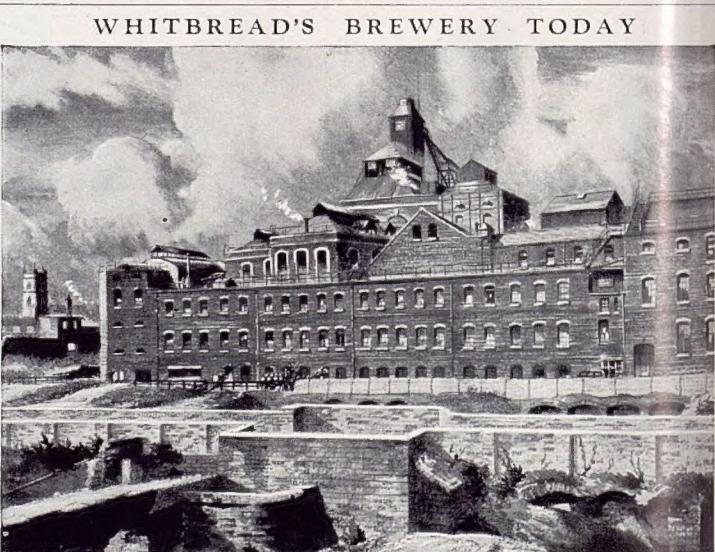
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